

CAN A TRADESMAN BE HONEST?

**PHOID
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LTD.
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PEARSON'S WEEKLY

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

A Rousing
**NEW SERIAL
STORY**
begins in this week's
**SHORT
STORIES,**
entitled:
**THE RIVAL
QUEENS.**
SHORT STORIES costs
a penny, and is published
every Tuesday.

99.] TRANSMISSION AS BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING MARCH 12, 1898. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

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Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED **Cocoa.**

"THE RICHEST IN FLESH-FORMING AND ENERGY-PRODUCING CONSTITUENTS. THERE IS NO BETTER FOOD."

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THE BEST EMOLLIENT MILK FOR SKIN.

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT & SMOOTH

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resisted all attempts. The A.B. NON-PUNCTURABLE
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THE THREE STOCK SIZES are: 34, 36, 38 inches
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Ladies can have their own designs made up in any kind
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THE NEW "CORDON" COSTUME.
MODEL 294. Has a well-cut tight-fitting
Bodice, trimmed fancy stitching (in con-
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Single Barrel, Hammerless, Breech-loading Shot-Guns, converted from Government
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15/6 MARVEL LEVER
REAL SILVER**

AN ENTIRE REVOLUTION in supply and demand.
Pounds gained by purchasers. A full return in
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Manufacturer and wearer hand in hand. TEST
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silver cases stamped. Supplied complete with key,
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Full Size STERLING SILVER "ACE" WATCHES,
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of years of patient labour and experiment. Ladies' size, with
"Protective" dust and damp-proof cap, and richly engraved
case, complete with key, FIVE YEARS' WARRANTY, instructions,
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Order TO-DAY. Compare this watch with what are often offered
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publication of artistic reproductions of manufactures, showing clearly
the enormous saving made by purchasing direct from H. Samuel.
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signatures from the actual originals. WATCHES, 7/-, 10/-, 15/-,
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80/-, 85/-, 90/-, 95/-, 100/-, 110/-, 120/-, 130/-, 140/-, 150/-, 160/-,
170/-, 180/-, 190/-, 200/-, 210/-, 220/-, 230/-, 240/-, 250/-, 260/-,
270/-, 280/-, 290/-, 300/-, 310/-, 320/-, 330/-, 340/-, 350/-, 360/-,
370/-, 380/-, 390/-, 400/-, 410/-, 420/-, 430/-, 440/-, 450/-, 460/-,
470/-, 480/-, 490/-, 500/-, 510/-, 520/-, 530/-, 540/-, 550/-, 560/-,
570/-, 580/-, 590/-, 600/-, 610/-, 620/-, 630/-, 640/-, 650/-, 660/-,
670/-, 680/-, 690/-, 700/-, 710/-, 720/-, 730/-, 740/-, 750/-, 760/-,
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INMAN'S SYRUP braces the
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It stimulates, strengthens,
and invigorates the system,
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INMAN'S SYRUP is invaluable
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Family Doctor.

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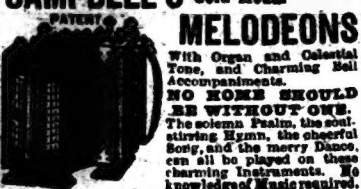
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MELODEONS
With Organ and Celestial
Tone, and Charming Bell
Accompaniments.
200 HOMES SHOULD
BE WITHOUT ONE.
The solemn Psalm, the soul-
stirring Hymn, the cheerful
Song, and the merry Dance,
can all be played on this
charming instrument. No
knowledge of Music required.

SPECIAL OFFER to the Readers of
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Campbell's "Gem" Melodeon Price only 4/6
Campbell's "Miniature" Melodeon " 10/6
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Out out this and send P.O. for the amount.
Kilburn carriage paid in U.S. Britain & Ireland.

200,000 TESTIMONIALS.
Professor BROWN, the Champion Melodeon Player
of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales, says: "Camp-
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that have ever come under my touch, and they only
require a trial to advertise themselves."
All lovers of music should at once send for Camp-
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Lists sent out yearly. Send Penny Stamp to
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DIRECT FROM THE WAREHOUSE. MARVELOUS
VALUE. The Kameland Reversible Carpets,
with handsome border all round, are woven in one
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South-east to match, 1/6 extra. Money returned if
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EACH LEAF READY TO HAND FOR USE.
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CASH DI & CARRIAGE PAID
of JUNO Cycles and Accessories, sent post free
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For Cash at Factory Prices.
String, Brass, and Wood
Wind Instruments of all
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"COOPER" Cycles



Warranty. Lists free. Agents wanted.

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KAPUTINE THE SAFE REMEDY FOR HEADACHE.

Any Chemist or Store can get it for you. 1/-
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Who would be without a MUSIC STAND

Folding and Portable,
Square legs, Gold-bronzed,
very durable.
2/- parcel post free. Two
for 3/6. Three for 5/6
Carriage Paid.

Joseph Riley & Sons,
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ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST

And 104, 106 & 170, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.
CAMBRIC LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS.
POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS AND SHIRTS.

POST'S "C.B.O."

DEAR MR. POST, I have for some years past been a perfect martyr to Rheu-
matism, and have been under the care of at least a dozen medical men, but without
any permanent benefit.
I have much pleasure in stating that since I commenced taking your C.B.O. I
have derived the greatest benefit, so much so that after having taken four bottles I
with confidence that I am completely restored to health, and in fact have no trace
left of the malady.
Yours faithfully, EDWARD MARSHALL, Business M.
Particulars and Testimonials free on application.
In Tasteless Tablets, 2/6 and 4/6.
A. M. POST Limited, 96 & 98 Leadenhall Street

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MODEL
£2 10s.
Patent
No. 20242.
New simplified construction, of great
clear beautiful writing, always in style,
any 26-gauge machine. Gives good
77 characters in all. Writing learnt at once
complete with Machinery Base and
£2 10s.
Write for particulars to the
GLOBE TYPEWRITER
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HEAD OFFICE
28, FALMOUTH
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FAVOURITE WINTER SWEET.

THE LARGEST SALE IN THE
WORLD.
USED IN THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

SKUSE'S HERBAL TABLETS.

At Court and Cottage for 20 years
Herbal Tablets have been well-
known. Familiar to Princes, Public
Singers, and Celebrities all
Globe.
SKUSE'S HERBAL TABLETS.
Recommended by Physicians
our Hospitals and similar
everywhere.
SKUSE'S HERBAL TABLETS.
Prepared from the finest Aus-
trian, Coltsfoot, Cascia, Pepp-
er, and other purest and most
valuable medicinal plants.
They are positively unequalled as
pungent, and valuable confection.
where in 1d. packets and 3d. caustic
B. SKUSE,
Ashmore Works, Harrow Road, London.

THE FAMOUS "MAB" RAZOR

The Sweets For Excellence
This charming
DEVONA. made from
Cocoa Cream.
CHOCOLATE DEVONA.
This is Chocolate in its most deli-
cious form as a Sweetmeat.
Sold Everywhere, in 1d. & 2d. Packs.

THE FAMOUS "MAB" RAZOR

The
Best
Razor
ever
made.
Only
one
blade
in use.
Use
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lighted.
Black 2/6
Ivory 3/6
PAIR 7/6
Black 7/6
Ivory 9/6
"MAB" CO. 12, Newhall Street, Birm-
ingham. City Agents: C. GOSWELL, 28, Old Broad St.

THIS IS AN OPPORTUNE MOMENT TO BUY A COPY OF "SHORT STORIES." A ROUSING SERIAL STORY, ENTITLED "THE RIVAL QUEENS," BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" INSURANCE COUPON.

The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle him or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of the £1,000 Railway Insurance, the Burglary Insurance, or the Football and Cycling Insurance, provided the conditions of the insurance coupons have been fulfilled.

Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m., Friday, March 4th, 1898, until midnight, Saturday, March 12th, 1898. For full particulars see column 3, page 572.

No. 399.]

TRANSMISSION BY
BOOK MATHS.

WEEK ENDING MARCH 12, 1898.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[ONE PENNY.]

Somebody's Tired.

"SOMEBODY'S tired!" Ah, well-a-day!
The weariest life will be going away;
The saddest of hearts shall have peace, some day.

The years that steal onward are none too fast;
The shadow of waiting is over them cast;
But rest and silence are coming at last.

"Somebody's tired!" Ah, well-a-day!
So tired of waiting for life's sweet May;
So weary with longing and hope's delay.

There are two little hands, all closely pressed,
Just to shut in the sob of the heaving breast
With a forceful will that betokens no rest.

There's a flush on the cheek, but 'tis fever's glow;
And the veins shine out through the forehead's snow,
As if shadows of azure over it go.

Unfold from your clasping, O hands so white;
Let the sob of the heart be smothered quite;
'Tis only that "somebody's tired," to-night.

Too tired for laughter—too tired for jest—
Too tired of hiding the soul's secret quest;
Only longing for quiet and silence and rest.

"Somebody's tired!" Ah, well-a-day!
Could we only hear what the heart would say
Of the dust and ashes above its May.

A Signal for the Family.

EVERY housewife has experienced a flutter of nervousness and worry when obliged to entertain unexpected "company" at dinner. There is always the fear that something will "run out," for it always seems to happen that, under such circumstances as these, the family larder is at the lowest of supply.

A matron living in one of the prettiest suburban villa residences in Manchester, whose husband persists in bringing home guests at the most inopportune times, has hit upon a happy expedient to meet any possible emergency.

In passing any dishes at the table of which there may be a limited supply, the hostess makes a point to mention the enigmatical letters "F.H.B." in such a manner as not to attract attention. The members of the family are aware of the circumstances, and discreetly partake very lightly, if at all, of the viands in question.

The secret of the three letters was solved by a quick-witted guest a few days ago, and the hostess afterwards laughingly confessed her little scheme.

F.H.B. in this instance stands for "Family Hold Back."

Why Telegraph Clerks Don't Affix Stamps to your Telegrams.

You have doubtless often wondered why the clerks at the "telegram" counter in the post-offices don't affix the necessary stamps themselves to your telegram, and possibly you may have often come to the conclusion that the clerks were perhaps too lazy to do it themselves, or that they were afraid of the regulation gum.

"The fact is," said a clerk to P.W., "it is a strict rule of the office that clerks must not affix stamps to the forms."

A year or two ago a ring of telegram clerks at a big office where they take in the best part of a thousand in twenty-four hours, made a pile of money when the clerks were allowed to stamp forms. You see, a telegraph clerk is so used to reading telegrams that very few forms are handed in over the counter which could not be sub-edited by him, and the number of words reduced without any alteration of the sense of the wire.

"The ring worked well together. Say a form was handed in containing twenty words—10d.; that amount would be taken in cash from the sender, and as soon as the latter had left the office the telegram would be quickly sub-edited, all superfluous words would be erased, and the standing number duly recorded on the form, which would bear on its face the corresponding value in stamps."

"It was an ingenious fraud, and it puzzled the P.O. how to deal with it."

"Then came the order that no clerk was to affix stamps to telegraph forms."

All rights reserved.]

FATAL: "What did the blacksmith die of, Johnny?"
"Shoeing a mule."

MAY: "How do you tell the pure linen handkerchiefs from those that are part linen?"

CLARA: "My wash-woman always keeps the former."

THE CABBIE'S CHRISTENING.—Parson: "What shall we call it?"

"Cabby (absent-mindedly): "Oh, I leave that entirely to you, sir."

BUNKER: "Yes, sir; just as I got that fish up to the side of the boat I fell overboard."

HILL: "Get wet?"

"Not a bit. I fell on the fish."

SHE WANTED HIM NEARER.—"I'm something of a mind-reader," he said, as they sat on opposite sides of the room.

"I think not," she replied, as her eyes ostentatiously measured the distance between them.

"HERE," roared the old judge to his son, studying law with him; "you told me you had read this work on evidence, and the leaves are not cut."

"Used X-rays," yawned the versatile son, and the judge chuckled with delight as he thought what a lawyer the boy would make.

THE RULING TOPIC.—Gibbs: "I've just had a row with my landlady, and have to leave. Can you recommend me some decent rooms?"

Biggs: "Yes, at Klondyke."

Gibbs: "Klondyke?"

Biggs: "Why not. There are some splendid diggings there, I believe."

"I HEAR Parker has written a novel."

"Yes."

"Successful?"

"Very. Whole edition sold in two hours."

"Indeed! That's fine."

"Oh, no. His father-in-law bought it in for his daughter's sake."

HICKS: "I owe you an apology. The fact is, it was raining, and I saw your umbrella, and, supposing you had gone home for good, I took it."

WICKS: "Don't mention it. I owe you an apology. You left your new hat, you know, and wore your old one. As I had no umbrella, and as I didn't want to wet my hat, I put on yours. Hope you don't mind."

BOY: "Father sent me up to say that he would be very thankful if you wouldn't lay any more carpets to-night; he can't sleep."

B. FLAT: "Go down and tell your father not to let my hammering prevent him from feeling thankful; tell him to be thankful his carpets are laid, and above all, to be thankful he sent you instead of coming himself."

HEEDED A WARNING.—Mr. Drincer: "I had an awful dream last night, Maria. I dreamt I came home full of whisky, and the light from the hall lamp set fire to my breath."

Mrs. Drincer (aghast): "If I were you, John, I'd take that dream as a warning."

Mr. Drincer: "So I will, by George! If I'm not at home when you go to bed to-night, Maria, be sure that you put out that horrid hall-lamp."

"I KNOW a woman who spends her mornings in thinking up recipes that produce the most ravishing dishes from the simplest ingredients which would otherwise be thrown away; her afternoons in making easy chairs and picturesque nooks out of creton, biscuit boxes, and flour barrels; and her evenings in making inexpensive but entrancing costumes after hints in the papers. She is never worried or flurried, and her face always wears a smile."

"Ah! where does this ideal being live?"

"In the various woman's papers."

A BIG CHESS-NUT.

WHO WILL HELP US TO CRACK IT?

THOSE who care at all for Chess know that Blackburne can play ten or a dozen games at a sitting without sight of the boards; that many experts can meet and probably defeat twenty or thirty opponents at a time; and that cable matches can nowadays be played out in a few hours between teams in this country and America.

To cap all these marvels we propose to match a single player against ALL COMERS. At our request, the veteran Chess Master, Mr. H. E. Bird, challenges our readers to face him in their thousands across the board. He takes the first move, *Pawn to King's fourth*, and assuming, to save time, that the British Public follows his example, announces as his second move, *Pawn to King's Bishop's fourth*. He thus offers the *Bishop's Gambit*, hoping it may lead to a smart interesting skirmish.

Now is your time to take part in this gigantic game. Write plainly on a post-card the move you recommend, address it to THE CHESS EDITOR, and post it to reach this office next Tuesday morning, the 15th. The move that has the most advocates will be adopted; and the full game, so far as it has gone, will be printed week by week, so that fresh combatants can enter the lists at any time, and help to make this battle-royal a success.

Mr. Bird promises to send us a few criticisms to show where we have done ill or well. It remains to be seen whether he will in the end hold the unique position of the modern Samson, who has slain his thousands, armed, as he is, with more intellectual weapons than the jawbone used of old.

The game, then, starts as follows:

White.	Black.
H. E. Bird.	Pearson's Weekly Readers.
1. P to K 4.	1. P to K 4.
2. P to KB 4	

Suicide Without Pain.

"YES," admitted the man who had his feet on the table, "it is true that I did once attempt to commit suicide."

"I was disconsolate, out of work, out of health, and I brooded over my unhappy lot until I—"

"Never mind what drove you to attempt the deed; all that interests us is how you made such a failure."

"I can hardly account for it myself, even now. I fired a pistol straight at my heart."

"Blank cartridge?"

"Toy pistol?"

"Had chain armour on?"

"Bullet hit a rib and glanced off?"

"No," said the man, looking scornfully at the scoffers about him; "the bullet hit the looking-glass in front of which I was standing, and broke it into a thousand pieces."

Eye Veins Show if you are Dead.

WHETHER a man be really dead or not may be read in the veins of the eye. This important discovery has been made by an eminent American oculist.

There has always been a widespread, haunting fear among people of being buried alive, and the new discovery will remove this fear.

The doctor's experiments began some twenty years ago. He had observed that in life the veins and arteries of the retina have distinct differences in colour. The veins contain a dark, blackish blood, while the arteries contain bright crimson. At the back part of the eyeball these two shades of blood may be seen under the light of the ophthalmoscope dividing the retina. Even in the case of the blind this distinction in shade may be seen, unless, of course, an opaque film has formed over the injured eyes, or the eyes have been entirely destroyed.

In death, however, the shade distinction entirely disappears. The blood in both arteries and veins is transformed into a pinkish colour of uniform shade.

An exhaustive examination has been made and this simple test has never failed. In the case of suspended animation, where others had pronounced death, he observed the shade distinction and saved the man from being buried alive.

Out of the beaten track—a change o'er the scene o',
See the new comic journal—run by DAN LENO.

THE SCHEME THAT FAILED.

By C. RANDOLPH-LICHFIELD.

"But I'm going to slip off for my holiday to-morrow," I protested.

"Yes, I know you were, Wiseman," said the chief, in his most conciliating tone, "and I am very sorry to be the man to prevent you; but you must look into this business for me."

"But, surely, sir, there is more than one man in Scotland Yard who is capable of finding out who fired a pop-gun at an elderly gentleman," I urged. "I've been looking forward to my holiday two months now; four times I have been put off, and now here I am again!"

"Yes; I'm very sorry, very sorry. But the request is to send down the best man available, and I select you."

"I'm very much obliged to you for the compliment, sir," I replied. "But I could have survived the loss of it. Here's the best man the force can produce being sent off his holiday to look down the barrel of a miserable pop-gun. Well, I'll go; but I warn you, sir, that if this case turns out to be such a silly bit of child's play as the Bath murder did, I leave the force. I'm wasting here, and that's a fact."

"We'll talk over that on your return," he said pleasantly. "Now, get away, and don't shout before you're out of the wood. This case may be more complex than you bargain for."

So I left him.

I never care a rap about ex's when I'm on a job, so I hailed a cab, drove to Waterloo, took a second return to Richmond, and settled myself in a "smoker" of the 11.25 a.m.

Arriving at Richmond, I hailed another cab, and gave the driver the name of Mr. Mordenfelt—the elderly hero of this pop-gun business. Did I say hailed a cab? That's an error; it was a chum if I'm not mistaken, and if I am, then it must have been a coffee-roaster, for I never had such a jogging and jolting (except running through Clapham Junction) in all my life. But I arrived at my destination sound of limb, if not in wind, to drop into paddock parlance.

Mr. Mordenfelt's house—called the Cedars for some occult reason—was a fine, low house of white stone, standing in a large and beautiful garden not far from Richmond Park. A short drive led up to the house, and, as I walked up this, I lingered here and there to enjoy the beauty of the flowers, which I have seldom seen equalled anywhere, and take a quick, but careful survey of the surroundings.

Arriving at the house, I rang the bell, and was answered by a servant to whom I gave my name, which I could see impressed him greatly.

"Kindly step this way, sir, if you will, please," said he. "My master will see you in the study. The local officer is here at this moment."

He led the way through a handsome hall to a sumptuously fitted room that looked out upon the back garden. There were two occupants of the room, a tall, elderly gentleman, with grey hair and beard, and a local policeman, who was gazing out of the window with an expression of idiotic amazement written large upon his unintellectual face. The former carried his left arm in a sling.

"I am very glad you have come," he said. "Sergeant Buggle here, is completely mystified by the affair, but no doubt you will together unearth my dangerous assailant."

"I have not a moment's doubt but what I shall," I responded, leaning rather heavily upon the pronoun; and I nodded condescendingly to the Sergeant. "As I'm pressed for time, sir, perhaps you'll be good enough to give me the outline of the affair. I'll question you as to details afterwards."

"With pleasure. Be seated, will you? Sergeant Buggle, you'll find a chair over there."

"Well," he began, as we drew our chairs together; "it's a most remarkable affair, and might, indeed, it would have ended fatally for me had the sun not been so strong. As it was, I luckily escaped with a flesh wound on my left shoulder."

"I must tell you that it has been my custom for years to spend a certain portion of my morning attending to my correspondence. I always sit at that table in the window there. Yesterday morning I took my accustomed place at my usual time, and commenced my correspondence. But I found the sun too hot, and too glaring upon the paper; and rather than shut it out I moved the table on the right of the window, so that I sat with the window to my left, and in this way I had the sun upon myself, but not upon the table."

"I had been writing in this position for some fifteen or twenty minutes, when I heard a sharp, sudden report of fire-arms, and the next instant felt a keenly painful sensation in my left shoulder. I immediately cried out, which brought the head gardener in at the window, and Cecil, my step-son, from his room to my assistance. I told them what had happened, sent off for a doctor and the police, and then fainted from loss of blood and shock to the nerves."

"You will understand what a wonderful escape I had when I say that my wounded shoulder was in exactly the same position that my head usually occupied when I am writing."

"A wonderful escape, indeed," I murmured pleasantly, "you have reason to congratulate yourself upon changing your position. But so far as I can see, this affair ought to be as simple as A B C."

"You might think so," broke in Buggle gloomily, "but you're mistaken."

"From what direction did the shot come?" I asked.

"That's the mystery," said the Sergeant. "I've puzzled that over and over, and can't decide."

"My dear Mr. Buggle," I responded, hugely amused at this assertion, "you can't really mean that! To learn the direction a shot took is one of the easiest things in the world."

"Well, I thought I knew something about the matter, but I'm floored now."

"Every bullet has its billet, you know," I continued. "Have you searched for this?"

"Yes, and cannot find a trace."

"Oh, impossible! Here's a shot in a room, and you don't know where it landed? I'm surprised at you, Sergeant; indeed, I am surprised! Where have you searched?"

"The walls."

"All the walls; the ceiling, the floor?"

"No, I know better than that. The shot must have been fired without a radius of sixty yards, and at that distance it must have struck that wall," and he pointed to the wall facing the window.

"An illogical deduction," I responded calmly. "Bullets are as erratic as women. What leads you to fancy the shot was fired from outside the house to begin with? Was the window broken?"

"No," chimed in Mr. Mordenfelt, apparently tickled at my suggestion that the shot could have been fired in the house. "The windows were both wide open, consequently the bullet had a clear course. But how could it possibly have been fired in this house and have hit me? I was alone in this room, and I certainly did not wound myself!"

"No, I don't suggest such a thing. Your hypothesis is reasonable, but, I say again, it is illogical. Your gardener was at work outside at the time. Did he notice anyone about the grounds?"

"No, no one whatever."

"Nothing to excite suspicion? No rustling bushes?"

"No, there is no chance of anyone hiding on the grounds in such a way as to fire in at this window. The would-be murderer must have fired from that twelve-foot wall at the end of the garden."

"Oh," I said. "Well, I don't like second-hand theories. I'll look round for myself. But tell me first of whom this household consists."

"Myself, my daughter, my stepson, three maids and a man," replied Mr. Mordenfelt. "There is a gardener who is here constantly, and a three-days-a-week helper to him."

"Ah! This three days' man; was he on the premises at the time?"

"Yes, but in the front garden."

"Any reason to suspect him?"

"None whatever."

"Nor the other?"

"Frankly, there is not anyone to whom I can attach the slightest suspicion. It is partly that that makes the affair so mysterious."

"What makes the affair mysterious is that you are convinced it is so, and therefore you overlook close points hunting after distant ones. You over-reach yourself. Now, I will wager ten years' pay that I can produce the lost bullet without moving from this chair."

Mr. Mordenfelt stared at me in utter astonishment, while Buggle had the insolence to laugh in my face.

"Mr. Buggle," I said, in the blandest manner possible, "do you see that book on the shelf there? That one that has its edge turned this way, and a small hole in it, I mean. Well, you give it to me, and I will show you the mysterious bullet."

The book I indicated stood on the third shelf of a case that must have faced Mr. Mordenfelt when he sat writing at his table the morning before. It was a large book, with red edges to its leaves, and this redness was broken in one place by a small clean hole, about the size of a small pea.

Buggles brought it to me carefully, and put it in my lap. I held it tightly between my knees and pointed to the hole.

"That, gentlemen, is where your bullet entered." Then I opened the book, and pointed to the passage the bullet had cut in some ten or twelve leaves, "and there—you see it—the bullet."

It was embedded in a pulp of paper it had carried with it as it tore through the closely compressed leaves.

"How did you know it was there?" asked Mr. Mordenfelt.

"I noticed this hole, when you indicated to me the position in which you sat yesterday," I replied easily. "Can you tell me in what way a shot could be fired from outside that window so as to graze your shoulder and turn off at a direct angle to enter this book?"

"It could not be done," said Buggles sharply.

"Consequently the shot was not fired from without," I continued. "It must have taken a direct course, hence, as we have its two elevations, we shall have little difficulty in knowing whence it came. I shall be obliged, sir, if you will seat yourself at the table, in as nearly as possible the same position as you were in yesterday."

Mr. Mordenfelt complied, and I calculated the range.

"Thank you, that will do. Now, it is perfectly clear the shot was fired in this room. Oh! my dear sir, it's no use arguing the point; it is self-evident. Now what about this gun?"

I crossed the room to the wall at the back of Mr. Mordenfelt, and took down from a rifle rest a sporting gun, single barrel, of a peculiar pattern.

"I have closely examined that," said Buggles, as if he thought that was quite enough to satisfy me. "Mind, it's loaded!"

"It's nothing of the sort," I replied.

"Pardon me," interrupted Mr. Mordenfelt, "but it is loaded. I always keep it so."

"Where do you keep your ball cartridges?" I asked.

"Locked up in the safe upstairs."

"A precaution scarcely consistent with the habit of keeping a loaded gun upon the wall," I replied warily. "Who uses your cartridges?"

"Only myself, and that rarely."

"Who can get at them?"

"Only I."

"I fancied as much. Now I begin to see my way. But, gentlemen, you are both wrong. This gun is not loaded. Look for yourselves."

"I don't understand that!" Mr. Mordenfelt exclaimed.

"I know it was loaded the day before yesterday."

"I don't doubt it," I replied gently.

"You don't fancy it was that gun that was fired?"

"No, no, no. Not that. The gun was not fired, evidently, for the barrel is clean. By the way, did you notice any smoke in the room when you were shot?"

"No, I don't think I did."

"Not enough to lead you to think a rifle had been fired in here?"

"Certainly not."

"You use smokeless gunpowder in your cartridges?"

"Yes."

"I thought as much. Now, if you'll pardon me, I'll sit down and consider the situation for a few minutes."

So I sat myself down in a chair, and fell into a brown study. Presently, I said in an unassuming way:

"Might I ask to be allowed to have this room to myself alone for a while?"

"Certainly, if you wish it, we'll go," replied Mr. Mordenfelt. "But I don't see why you should object to our presence during your investigations."

"Every detective has private methods, you know, sir," I replied blandly. "I don't object to your seeing what I do, but how I do it."

"Very well, we'll go."

I followed them to the door, which I quietly locked after them. Then I took the table from the window, put it where it had stood at the time of the bombardment of Mr. Mordenfelt, and, seating myself in his chair, looked round about me.

"Now, assuming that he did not shoot himself, which would be a very loose hypothesis, he must have been shot from that wall at an elevation of about four feet," I said to myself.

I rose, and crossing over to the wall in question, tapped it sharply with my stick, until I came upon a beam in the neighbourhood of which I discovered something, almost imperceptible, which let a lot of daylight upon the smokeless gunpowder plot. But who could the Gay Fawkes be? That was the question.

I recalled Mr. Mordenfelt.

"Don't you wish to question any of my servants or my step-son?" he asked as he entered.

"Yes, if I can't get on without them. But I think I can," I replied. "Now, tell me, sir, where was your daughter at the time of this occurrence?"

"In the town; shopping, I believe."

"Your step-son?"

"In his own room."

"The footman?"

"Out with a message."

"Then I take it that you, your step-son, and three maids were alone in the house; is that so?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"When was this room re-papered?"

"About a fortnight since."

"Are there any pieces knocking about—bits left over?"

"I don't know, but I will inquire."

"Don't trouble now," I said, stopping him. "I want to go into the next room," and I indicated the room on the other side of the wall I had investigated.

He led the way, and I followed him, with Buggles.

It was essentially a lady's room, for everything it contained had that light, fancy touch that pink-tipped fingers alone can give. But I must except an oak book-case that stood against the wall on the side of Mr. Mordenfelt's room.

"Oh, it isn't your son's room, then?" I said.

"No, not now. He gave it up to my daughter a week ago."

"Nice lad," I murmured approvingly. "Buggles, just help me to shift this book-case out a bit, will you?"

"Mr. Cecil's pretty strong, I believe?" I added.

Mr. Mordenfelt seemed in no way surprised at the suggestion, nor to connect it with anything that had occurred. "Yes," he replied innocently; "he is remarkably strong for his age. He goes in for out-door exercise a great deal."

"Wise lad," I murmured softly. Then I walked behind the bookcase and examined the wall, and the whole plot was laid bare to me.

In one particular spot, which exactly corresponded with a spot where I had noticed something similar on the other side of the wall, the newly-hung paper was bruised, and slightly broken in a small circle about the size of a shilling, and in the centre of that bruise, or thereabouts, was a small cross, made very carefully, with a blue lead pencil.

"Is Mr. Cecil in?" I asked Mr. Mordenfelt, who stood where he could not see me.

"Yes, he remained in in case you should wish to question him upon any point."

"Oh," I muttered, and leaped into silence. "Well, yes, I might as well—yes, I should like to see him."

Mr. Mordenfelt went off in search of his dutiful step-son. Presently he returned, looking rather annoyed.

"He has gone for his usual walk after all," he said. "I'm very sorry, but doubtless he will return shortly."

"Well, it doesn't really matter. He's better where he is," I said, smiling.

Mr. Mordenfelt looked at me sharply, and frowned.

"Come, sir," I exclaimed, before he could speak. "Let us visit your son's room."

Mr. Cecil's room was a queer conglomeration of all kinds of things jumbled up in a chaotic state. Here a pair of dumb-bells, there a foil, there a pair of boxing-gloves, hanging from the arm of a metal-lathe. In one corner stood a large table; a litter of tools of all kinds, writing materials, books, and broken bits of numerous different articles. An arm-chair stood near heaped up with crumpled clothes, and the gate was choked with torn paper and envelopes.

I examined the articles upon the table, and found a light hammer, a pair of pliers, and a large gun-pot. The latter was almost empty, and was decorated on the edge by a small piece of dark paper—wall-paper—similar to that with which Mr. Mordenfelt's room was papered. I smiled at this.

I looked about and found a gum-brush. This had on its bristles a thin film of dried gum, but under this thin film the gum was quite moist, showing that the brush had recently been used.

I hunted about the table still further for something, but without finding it. So I took up the hammer and walked back into Miss Mordenfelt's room. Then I put the flat, round part of the hammer in the bruise I had noticed in the wall-paper. It fitted it exactly. But at the same time I noticed something which I had, in some unaccountable way, overlooked before. This bruised paper was merely a small piece about the size of half-a-crown, that had been stuck on over the other.

"Oh! I see now," I muttered to myself; and I turned and smiled at Mr. Mordenfelt and Buggles, who were watching me with evident surprise and doubt.

"I'll tell you what all this means in a few minutes," I said good-naturedly. "But let us now go back to Mr. Cecil's room for a bit."

On my return I cleared a portion of the floor of its litter, and, collecting all the scraps of paper in the grate, put them down upon the cleared space. Then I went down on my knees and examined them carefully one by one, casting them back into the grate after my scrutiny.

It was a long and tedious labour, and I did not know but what it would prove abortive; but it had to be done.

Presently I came across a little pill of dark paper, the colour of the wall-paper in Mr. Mordenfelt's room, and the snick upon the gum-pot. I undid it carefully, crumpled it up again, and threw it in the grate. It was not what I wanted. My next find was a pill of blue paper, the colour of the walls in Miss Mordenfelt's room. This I also undid very carefully, and found that it was a square piece of blue wall-paper, with its centre—about the size of half-a-crown—cut out. I put it tenderly on one side, and continued my search. Yes, here was a scrap of dark paper. I unrolled it, and saw it consisted of two square pieces of wall-paper such as adorned the walls of Mr. Mordenfelt's room. Each had its centre cut out in a circle, one circle was the size of a shilling, the other the size of half-a-crown.

"Now!" I exclaimed, as I rose. "I will lay bare the whole clumsy plot to you, and show you to what depths of villainy this sweet stepson of yours has stooped!"

"What!" cried Mr. Mordenfelt. "It was he?"

"You shall judge for yourself," I replied. "By the way, if you have a spirit lamp and a small kettle, let me have them. I want the kettle half full of boiling water."

He went off to give directions to the servants, and Buggles overcame his astonishment enough to say:

"Are you sure of your ground, Mr. Wiseman? You're making a serious accusation."

"Mr. Buggles," I responded sternly, "at Scotland Yard we speak only when we know, and if we speak quickly it's because we know quickly."

Mr. Mordenfelt rejoined us in his room, bringing the lamp and kettle with him. I drew a table up to the wall, and put them upon it. Then I pointed to a round patch of paper that had been stuck upon the wall, just as had been done in the next room.

"You notice that?" I said. "Well, that was my clue, as you will see."

I lit the spirit-lamp, put the kettle upon it, and turned the spout to the patch of paper, so that the steam played fall upon it. In a few seconds it was saturated, and I pulled it off, disclosing to view a little round hole, the size of a pea.

"That," I said, "is the muzzle of the assailant's gun. You see that it is a steel tube let into the beam? Do you hear? There's a beam running down there. Well, this tube runs through the wall. It was put there by your stepson, before the rooms were papered, and protected in some way from the notice of the plasterers. It is so fixed that it took full aim at your head, when you sat at your table, looking out of the window, writing. In the other end was the cartridge. Let me explain."

"The day before yesterday, or early yesterday morning, your stepson, who had made all his preparations, sneaked into this room, took down your gun, abstracted the cartridge, put the gun back, and went off into the next room. He lagged out the bookcase, jammed this cartridge into his patent gun, and stuck over the lot a piece of paper he had already prepared with gum. Then he pushed back the bookcase, and waited his time. Yesterday morning he thought you were sitting in your usual place and in exact range of his diabolical invention. He sneaked into Miss Mordenfelt's room, dragged out the bookcase, and with a hammer fired off the cartridge, the exact position of which he knew by his patch, and a little blue cross over the cap. Then he shoved back the bookcase, flew to his room, snatched up a piece of paper, like upon this wall, and ready gummed, ran here, saw you, and at the first opportunity jabbed the paper over the muzzle of his gun in the wall. When you fainted he, no doubt, pressed it down neatly."

"In the next room," I concluded, "you will find the patch, the bruise of the hammer and the blue cross. If you tear off the patch you'll find the empty cartridge."

"Horrible, horrible," exclaimed Mr. Mordenfelt, who was pale as death. "Oh, Cecil, Cecil!"

"In one point the plan was wonderfully clever," I said critically. "If the bullet had done its work and lodged in your head, it would have been almost impossible to tell in what direction it came. On the other hand the chances of your being out of the exact range at the moment were so many that the scheme was horribly clumsy!"

I did not arrest the fellow. He was arrested by a greater terror than myself—Death. His body was dragged out of the river near Twickenham, some hours after I left for town.

SPANISH-PREMIER'S WIFE: "You look weary this evening, dear husband."

Spanish Premier: "No doubt. I've been playing marbles with His Majesty all the afternoon."

A Quaint Idea for a Fountain.

A GLIB-TONGUED, outspoken Irishman was a member of the council of a North of Ireland town some years ago.

One night at a meeting of the council, the question of securing an ornament for a small park was discussed, and finally one member moved a resolution that a fountain be purchased; thereupon he jumped to his feet and said:

"Oj would loike to amind the resolution be substitootin' the word 'wather-cart' for that of 'fountain' in the gentleman's motion. If we must spend the public money for wather to squir-r-t anny place, let us squir-r-t it where it will do some good, an' not waste it t'roo de mejum of a wretched old fountain, whin the dust is layin' a foot t'ick all over the town!"

Making Statues by Steam.

THE manufacture of statuary by machinery is made possible by a recent invention. When fully developed, a machine, at present in practical operation, will turn out reproductions of the works of famous sculptors with all the beauty and perfection of the original statue.

This invention has been successfully operated for about three years, but with such secrecy that it is practically unknown outside the few who have been interested in it. Three of the machines are being used at present to reproduce carving in wood, but the step from this use to the reproduction of statuary in stone and marble is a short one.

The construction of the contrivance is comparatively simple, and practically an adaptation of the drawing instrument known as the pantograph. The model to be copied is placed in such a position that guide fingers, following the outline of the model carve an exact duplicate in the raw material. The machine covers about seventy-two feet of floor space and stands seven feet high. It is automatic in action, and not at all complicated.

Art for Art's Sake.

It is a very difficult thing to obtain admittance to the beautiful residence of Rosa Bonheur. Most of the information printed concerning the talented artist is supplied by her friends, as strangers seldom get a chance of seeing her at work. One of her friends has recently explained how it is that there are not more of her pictures on the market.

Rosa Bonheur works very hard in spite of her seventy-two years. All round—on the window frames, the little tables, and the walls—are fresh studies. She literally piles masterpiece upon masterpiece, not to sell and make money, but because she must work and try to do something better than she has done before.

At one end of her studio is an unfinished picture, a magnificent piece of work. It has been in an unfinished condition for twenty years, yet she has a standing offer of 400,000 francs for it when completed.

"I do not want the money," she says. "I prefer to work for myself. I love art for its own sake. When I find that money is getting low, I do a picture or two in order to keep things going, and then continue in my own way."

The artist, as most people know, prefers to work in male attire.

BORAX: "Wheeler is wedded to his bike."
Samjones: "It's only lately, then. It threw him over last week."

THE REAL BLARNEY STONE.—Maggie (looking up from her novel): "Pa, what's the 'Blarney Stone'?"
Pa: "It's the diamond in an engagement ring, my dear."

As the hot, passionate words, fell from his lips she coloured deeply.

It was, however, only a coincidence that she was rousing her face at the mirror at the moment he was hunting for his collar button.

"I DON'T believe that baby is Italian. I have just heard him cry."

"What of that?"
"Why he said 'boo-hoo' just like an English baby. I believe he's been kidnapped."

THE globe-trotter's fair companion was listening with almost breathless interest to his account of how he had been caught in a thunderstorm of unusual severity. His description was so vivid that she could fairly hear the thunder crashing and see the lightning flashing. He continued:

"And amid the warring of the elements I shrank closer and closer to the tree under which I stood, expecting every moment that it would be the first to be struck. I felt fear for the first time in my life."

"How dreadful," she exclaimed, with starting eyes. "But why didn't you run to some other tree?"

The Man who Carried Gordon's Famous Dispatches.

AHMAD AGHA KHALIFA TELLS HIS STORY.

P.W. has interviewed this old Soudanese warrior, who is over seventy years old, and was the confidant of General Gordon. Thanks to the courtesy of the management of Olympia, where Khalifa now is, the conversation was carried on through an interpreter, an officer in the Egyptian Army.

"I was in Khartoum with General Gordon during all the trouble there. We lived in fear of being cut to pieces by the followers of the Mahdi. When the crisis was developing," said Khalifa, with a distinctly painful countenance, "and when the Governor-General was hourly expecting a British expeditionary force to come to his rescue, he wanted to send a dispatch to General Moustapha Pasha, but the difficulty was to get it out of the city and through the lines of the enemy."

"I volunteered to take the dispatch, as none of the immediate staff dared do so."

"There was great excitement at the palace, and everybody feared to move. The enemy was already without the gates of Khartoum. I dressed myself up as a dervish, and pretended to be an old man, infirm and nearly blind, and quietly slipped through the gates in the still of night. Moustapha Pasha was lying in wait a few miles away on the banks of the Nile, waiting to hear from Gordon in order to make an attempt to advance on Khartoum."

"I came up to the enemy's lines, and was allowed to pass through; but I was hardly clear away on the other side when I discerned in the darkness a horseman galloping in my direction."

"It was very dark, but I could see he was an officer of the Bey. I buried the dispatch in the sands, and struck out at a different angle."

"I was conveyed back and confronted by Rashid Bey, but was successful in deceiving them, and was released. I purposely went miles out of my direction to throw the dervishes off the scent, and after many hours of wandering, and just before the break of day, I recovered Gordon's buried message."

"Exhausted, foot-sore, and weak from starvation," continued Khalifa, "I arrived at Moustapha's ground to find him gone. His camp had removed from El Obeido. I was in considerable distress, and I sat down and cried. I had now to push on to Marabreh. Raw rice was my only food. On the way a friendly Arab mounted on a camel carried me with him."

"Near Makashef a shot was fired by an outpost, wounding our poor camel; but we struggled on and on, meeting with adventure upon adventure, until after many days of anxiety and weary search I at length found the Pasha. I bore the reply back to Khartoum, but difficult as was the leaving Khartoum, re-entry into the city seemed an almost impossible thing, but, thanks to Allah, I did it, and the price paid for it was a rifle wound in my foot."

"Was it Khalifa who took Gordon's message to General Stewart in which Gordon asked the British general if he had yet heard of the approach of the promised relief expedition?" asked P.W.

"Yes," was the interpreted reply. "The General was at Berber, over 200 miles from Khartoum. I adopted the same disguise, and got safely through the lines of the enemy's encampment; but on the next day's march I fell in with the Mahdi's troops and was taken prisoner. For safety I had put the message in my sandals, and on being searched they found it, and I was condemned to death by the Mudir of Fashoda. But I managed to escape during the night, by stunning the sentinel, taking his rifle from him, and shooting him."

"He might have been executed within a few minutes of his being condemned to death," added the interpreter, "only Khalifa insisted that he found it on the road, and pleading that he was unable to read or write, he merely placed the document where it was found to ease his foot. The Mudir therefore stayed the execution for a few hours."

"I was stripped literally to the skin," continued the old warrior, "for any other message that might have been concealed about my body."

"The reading of that document, then, was the key to the immediate advance on Khartoum?"

"It told the enemy that more British troops were on the way," replied Khalifa, "and it inspired them to march on Khartoum. Such was Gordon's expectations."

"Did Stewart get the message?"

"I told him verbally. He said I had acted bravely. I took back the reply to General Gordon. In order to get back into Khartoum I assumed the dress of a Fetiish priest, and acclaimed the Mahdi. Outside the walls of Khartoum I was fired upon by the sentinels stationed within the gates, but throwing off my long white garment and white turban I passed in safety. General Gordon said I was very courageous, and promised to name me in his dispatches to the British Government."

"I never saw Gordon after my third adventurous mission. He now wished me to take a letter to the Caliph, which I did, experiencing many sensational escapes."

"On my return to Khartoum I heard that the enemy had taken the city, and that the Governor-General had been massacred—he and his companions. Poor Gordon!" he sighed.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

3907. Which British Battle, had the Results been Reversed, would have had the Most Damaging Effect upon England?

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3914. Is there any Building in the World not Dedicated to the uses of Christianity which has a Text of Scripture on every Brick Used in the Structure?

This is the case with the Church of St. Sophia, now the Mosque Aya Sofia, rebuilt by Justinian on the ruins of three other churches, the first of which was built by Constantine when he removed the imperial capital to Byzantium. The text with which the bricks are stamped is a portion of the fifth verse of the forty-sixth chapter of the Psalms: "God is in the midst of her." When St. Sophia was converted into a mosque after the Turkish conquest in 1453, all the Christian emblems were removed or defaced, and the exquisite mosaic pictures covered up with plaster in obedience to the Moslem law, which absolutely forbids the portrayal of any living thing, either by painting or carving.

3913. Was there Anything among the Ancients Resembling the Modern Trade Union?

There is no doubt that in Ancient Rome the various trades were formed into guilds and unions. These were called colleges. We hear specifically of unions of smiths, silver and gold miners, and tax-collectors. Their exact sphere of influence is more difficult to define. It

is certain that it was very great, and many laws were passed forbidding illegal combinations. They had a great influence on politics in Rome, and at length became so powerful that they could impose their wishes on candidates for office, and thwart the wishes of other sections of the populace. The publicans or tax-collectors in particular could render life a burden to any governors who could not satisfy their exorbitant demands. The tendency of modern research is to attach more and more importance to these unions. It is difficult to gain precise information as to their movements, as their meetings were secret and illegal; but most of the underground work of politics at Rome was undoubtedly influenced by their machinations.

3915. Is there any Foundation in Fact for the Term "Bee-line"?

It has been found by actual observation that the bee always, if possible, flies in a straight line when making for the hive. Its sense of direction appears to be very defective and much inferior to that of flies. Sir John Lubbock put a bee in a long, deep glass, and held the closed end against the window. The bee tried for more than half-an-hour to get through the glass instead of escaping from the open end. Some flies that were put in with it immediately found their way out. Wasps, too, are very similar. If a wasp be in a room in which there are two windows, one open and the other closed, and a straight line from its nest leads to the closed one, it will go there and try for hours to get through the glass instead of taking the open one. A favourite method with bee-hunters is to catch a bee and let it go. When released it will almost invariably start off in a straight line to its hive or nest. And this is of course an excellent guide to the hunter.

3916. Do any Animals besides Man Cultivate Plants for Food?

Not only are there animals that are hunters, and fishers, and shepherds, but there are farmers, too, who cultivate plants for food. This is done by the gardener, or leaf-cutting ants. Herr Alfred Möller had a number of these ants under close observation for a considerable time at Blumenau, and proved that these industrious creatures displayed a very high degree of intelligence. They not only cultivate the fungi on which they exist, but by judicious selection they have evolved a specially suitable variety, with swollen lateral branches. Their fungus garden is enclosed, protected from the light, and thither the ants carry strips of leaf, crushed up by their mandibles, to supply their crop with organic food. All unsuitable material is carefully weeded out by these busy little insects that sample of the earth of their garden, when grown in a nutritive solution, gave a perfectly pure culture, free from all bacteria. Dr. McCook's account of the agricultural ant of Texas (*pogomyrmex barbatus*) gives a marvellous illustration of farming habits, for these ants—to a certain extent, at least—cultivate in front of their nests a kind of grass with a rice-like seed. They cut off all other plants from their fields, and thus their crops flourish.

3917. Which is the Best Historical Example of an Apparently Impossible Threat being Carried into Execution?

In the year 76 B.C. when Caesar, at the age of twenty-four, was on his way to Rhodes to perfect himself in oratory at the school of Apollonius Molo, he was captured by pirates off Miletus. For six weeks he was kept captive, during which time he shared in the games and sports of the robbers, though every day he assured them that one day he should hang every man in the land, to threat at which they only laughed. For years these pirates had infested the Mediterranean Sea, rendering it unsafe to anyone travelling or trading without a strong armed escort; they had made alliances with several states, and had captured no fewer than four hundred important towns. At length Caesar was ransomed for the enormous sum of fifty talents. He promptly returned to Rome, collected a fleet of vessels, swooped down upon the pirates as they were dividing their plunder, and carried them off to Pergamos, where he had every one crucified. He then went on to Rhodes and practised elocution for two years.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

3941. Which is the most modern disease to which mankind is subject?
3942. Is there any trade or profession in which the worker competes mainly or wholly with himself?
3943. In which branch of athletics does the champion-ship most often change hands?
3944. Which is the smallest colonial possession belonging to a European nation?
3945. Has the area of any British possession been decided by the range of a cannon?
3946. Which nation first organised military barracks on the modern system?
3947. What would probably have been the condition of England at the present day if the Roman legions had never been withdrawn?
3948. Which is the best historical example of "catching a Tartar"?
3949. Which is the oldest English sea-port still frequented by shipping?
3950. At which period has the greatest comfort prevailed among the labouring classes of this country?

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There'll be nothing on earth (we say what we mean o')
Like the new comic journal, run by DAN LENO.

DUELS IN THE AIR.

A SUGGESTED METHOD OF SETTLING POINTS OF HONOUR.

KITE battles are peculiarly Asiatic. The shrewdness and tact of those who handle the kites and their skill in construction, as well as the individual peculiarities of the kites, are put to severe test in these contests.

A sportsman-like spirit usually pervades them, but they are at times the causes of lifelong feuds between ill-natured persons. Both boys and men have their battles, which take place between parties or individuals.

The weapons which arm the battle-kites are of two varieties: one is connected with the cord or rope, the other with the tail. The first-named weapon is distributed along one hundred yards of the cordage, beginning a few yards from the kite; the cordage is liberally saturated with a sticky gum, which, before it is dry, is thoroughly charged with glass pulverised finely for the thin cord of small kites, and with coarser, sharply edged or pointed fragments of glass for the rope of larger kites.

The second and more effective weapon is made by either threads of glass chipped perseveringly out of the sides of glass bottles until several are secured having the curve of the bottle's side, and with a sharp edge on the inner side of the curve, sickle-like, or the same form may be simulated in any scrap of metal which will take and hold a sharp edge.

Now a shred of bamboo a few inches long is transversely pierced at its middle by two punctures which cross each other. A knife blade then successively passed through and slightly twisted, causes two splits at right angles, each extending from the middle towards, but not to, the ends of the bamboo.

In these two slots are placed two of the double-ended metal blades, or four of the sickle-like glass blades, with their four ends projecting sideways from the bamboo. The stick is then bound by cord so tightly wound round it as to seize the blades firmly in the slots or splits.

One or two of these instruments are provided and attached to the tail, one at the bottom end, the other half-way up, and with the keen edges invariably upwards. The ends of the sticks are tapered, and so snugly secured to the tail that the finest cord cannot be slipped in between the stick and the tail.

Suppose yourself to be one of the duellists, and we the opponent. This is how the duel is fought:

Your kite is named "Ko-chicu," our own is "Pear-son." We stipulate that our battlefield shall be within certain limits. With our backs directly to the wind, exactly to the right and left of each other, and fifty feet apart, we each dismiss our kite into the air in a fresh breeze. Ko-chicu flies at a slightly higher angle than Pear-son; each tail is so slight, adjacent to its respective kite, that a serpentine curvature is imparted to the tail as it responds to the oscillation of its kite.

Ko-chicu, as he sways to the right towards Pear-son, is given a twitch of the string, whereby his sway is protracted into a huge circle so dangerously near to pitching over Pear-son's cord that the latter is gently withdrawn and in response Pear-son glides up the wind higher than Ko-chicu.

Before Ko-chicu has resumed his position after the dive, Pear-son's cord is run rapidly out—slipped over the index finger; we drop on the left (far) side of Ko-chicu's cord. You quickly seize your cord and run swiftly to the right and forward—diagonally. Then you stand, and, rapidly working your hands, pull Ko-chicu towards you with intent to get your glassed line in place on top of our line, then to continue your quick in-pull and thus to saw across the naked line. Divining your purpose, we run backwards until we have brought our section of glassed cord up under, and in contact with your glassed section of our cord. You are checked; it is diamond cut diamond; Pear-son and Ko-chicu foul each other.

After more manoeuvring our line becomes caught in your cutter, and the down-pull of Ko-chicu causes it to sever Pear-son's line. And so the battle ends.

This is an idea well worthy of consideration across the Channel. A good kite-duel would be quite as dangerous, and a good deal more exciting than the ordinary French *affaire d'honneur*.

"I MUST tell you a secret, old man. I am going to elope, and I want to wear the correct suit. What is the proper thing?"

"A cutaway coat, of course."

"WHAT was the greatest disappointment of your life?" asked her dear friend.

"When a deaf and dumb man tried to tell me he loved me in a dark hallway," she responded.

SHE (as her lover is about to start on a journey round the world): "My dear Adolph, will you be true to me when you are far away? Promise me that you will write to me from every town you visit!"

He: "O, Ada, is it love that prompts you to say this? Ada, swear to me, do you really love me, or are you merely collecting foreign postage stamps?"

Five Ages of Woman.

ONLY a prattling wee baby
Dancing on mamma's knee,
A chubby and dimpled cherub,
Pretty as she could be.
Laughing and jumping and crowing,
Bubbling with innocent mirth,
Mamma just thinks her treasure
The dearest one on earth.

Only a laughing school-girl,
Fair as a budding rose,
Gazing with tender glances
On her young would-be beau;
Never a cloud above her,
Never a care has she,
No one could help but love her
In her simplicity.

Only a fair young lady,
Proud as a queen of old,
Lovers who seek her favour,
Meet with but glances cold.
Naught but a prince can woo her,
A prince with an honoured name;
Love is to her but folly,
The dream of her life is fame.

Only a serious woman,
Charms slowly fading away;
Her prince never came to seek her,
Her head is threatened with grey.
Longing for love then denied her,
Praying for someone to woo;
Gone are her queenly ambitions—
Any old fellow will do.

Only a maiden of fifty,
Skillfully spreading her net,
Still there is hope in her bosom
That someone may gobble her yet.
Paints and cosmetics and powders,
And clad in the briefest of dress,
When seen on her bike at a distance
You'd think her but twenty or less.

The Ideal and the Real.

THE STAGE.

MISTRESS: "We have met with reverses, Mary, and can no longer afford to keep a servant. You have served us faithfully many years, and it cuts me to the heart to say the words—but we shall have to learn to do without you."

Mary: "You can't, ma'am; and what's more, you shan't try! Who says that I want wages or anything else, except my mouthful of victuals and a board to lay on, when those that's more'n flesh and blood to me are in trouble? Don't say any more about it, for it can't be done!" (Applause.)

Mistress: "Bless you, faithful old soul! It's the silver lining to our cloud of distress to know that we have such a staunch heart as yours to count on."

REAL LIFE.

Mistress: "Biddy, your master is bankrupt, and I'm afraid you will have to look out for another situation."

Biddy: "Then it's a month's warning or a month's wages as I'll be takin', mem, beside the fifteen shillin' ye owes me for back arrears."

Scientific Savages.

A CENTURY ago, when savages all over the globe were employing the primitive method of rubbing sticks together to obtain a light; when civilised peoples had nothing more scientific than flint, steel, and tinder-box; a tribe of savages inhabiting the eastern portion of Thibet obtained fire on strictly scientific principles by the use of an apparatus consisting of a wooden cylinder two inches and a half long by three-quarters of an inch in diameter, which was closed at one end.

Into this cylinder—which tapered off at one end until it was not larger than a common lead-pencil—was fitted an airtight piston, which had a large, flat knob at the top. The other end of the piston was slightly hollowed out, the indentation being intended for the reception of a small piece of tinder, or punk.

When this apparatus was in use, it was held in one hand, the piston being inserted with the other, and about half-way down. A very sharp blow was then given with the palm of the hand on the top of the large or knob end of the piston.

At the same instant the fingers were closed round the knob and the piston instantly withdrawn.

If everything had worked to perfection, the scientific savage was usually rewarded by finding that the tinder had been lighted, and a fire was assured.

This required a knowledge of the properties of compressed air. Sir William Gill, who studied this apparatus and its working, said that "it requires skill to use it and science to invent it."

WHERE'S THE PAIN?

HOW PEOPLE INDICATE THE PLACE THAT HURTS.

THE secret is out. It is within the bounds of possibility for any intellectual person to define with fairish accuracy the character of many of the ills that flesh is heir to by quietly taking notice of the gesture with which a patient describes his pain.

Ask a sufferer where the pain is, and the manner of his showing you will, at all events, in the majority of instances, unconsciously reveal its true character, and the experienced eye can straightway detect the nature of the malady.

The patient's gesture is of wonderful aid in assisting anyone to diagnose a case. For instance, take a person who is suffering from some form of pain, not inflammatory, in the abdominal regions; asked to locate it, he will quite involuntarily indicate it by patting his waistcoat. An inflammatory malady is generally indicated by the patient gently passing his open hand over the affected area, or touching the spot with the index finger of the right hand.

No gesture is, perhaps, more reliable than that employed by a sufferer to indicate pain of any kind in the chest. Should the pain be diffused widely in the region of the sternum, embracing the greater part of the walls of the chest, it is almost a foregone conclusion that the patient will indicate it with a circular rubbing motion of the palm of the hand. This gesture poses as a pointer to widely distributed soreness.

But if a chest pain arise from serious inflammation, notice how the sufferer will describe it by first drawing the hand away from the body, and then, with the digital members of the hands closed together, or, perhaps, with the first finger pointed out and the rest bent, the hand will cautiously approach the seat of disturbance.

A curious fact in connection with certain affections of the leg is that where there is an acute, diffused pain in the leg, not arising from inflammatory causes, the patient in indicating it will almost be sure to grasp the leg firmly. But only one finger will be brought into play to describe a darting pain in the same member.

The gesture employed for indicating pain in the heart is the common one of firmly pressing the region with generally one finger only. But where rheumatic pains lurk in the shoulder you will observe that in showing you the place the hand of the patient will be partly closed, and the painful area pressed slightly with no more than three of the fingers.

It is curious but true that neuralgia is nearly always indicated with the thumb, while pain caused by gall-stones is always pointed out with the top of the thumb. The seat of origin of that painful malady, known in medical lore as *Locomotor Ataxy*—involuntary movement of the muscles of the legs causing a shambling gait—is generally described by the patient grasping the affected area firmly, and showing momentary reluctance to withdraw the hand.

Even the gesture of a child is not to be overlooked. If "baby" refers to a pain in the abdominal regions, and fails to show by gesture that there is tenderness, the spine will in all probability be found to be affected to a slight or an important degree.

If your friend is suffering from a stiff neck, he will show you where the seat of the trouble is by gently pressing on the affected part with the tips of his fingers—that's all. A sharp pain in the head is indicated similarly, only, if the pain be in the front, he will press the temple with the palm of his hand. A sore muscle will be pinched with two fingers, but a hip bruise will be indicated by a pressure of the closed hand.

A pain in the side introduces a gesture common to everybody—pressure of the tips of the fingers, the hand being kept as rigid as possible.

The writer, when at hospital, learnt to place much reliance upon these gestures, and many experts trust to them when diagnosing a case.

UNLESS he toils the bicyclist spins not.

LYMBURGER CHEESEMAKER: "Well, there is one advantage I have. No one comes here poking their nose into my business."

LEATE, BUT POLITE PERSON (who has just taken away an umbrella from the social pest in front): "Permit me, sir, to return your umbrella; I found it in my eye!"

THE WIFE: "What a sweet smile there is on baby's face, John."

The Husband: "Yes; he's probably dreaming that he's keeping me awake."

THE BROKE (gloomily): "It's depressing, Chumley. The duns come in—exchequer busted—department of interior out of order—trousers bag at the knees—Isaacstein has my watch—can't get a liver from anybody—promised to take Lucile to the opera. But for one thing, I should commit suicide."

Chumley (sympathetically): "Yes—and that is?"
Ten Broke: "Curiosity, Chumley. I have a gloomy curiosity to see how the whole wretched business will turn out."

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

3907. Which British Battle, had the Results been Reversed, would have had the Most Damaging Effect upon England?

The fortunes of England were never hanging in such a critical balance as they were while the battle of Gravelines was being fought between the English fleet and the Spanish Armada. If Drake and Howard had been defeated, nothing but a miracle could have saved this country from the most terrible danger that ever threatened it. Neither the crossing nor the landing of Alva and his veteran troops could have been prevented, and that once done, a desolating war must have followed in which victory would have meant national exhaustion, and defeat a consequence too awful to contemplate, for the Spanish victory would have been followed by slavery both physical and mental. The battle of Trafalgar, which finally made Napoleon's invasion impossible, was in some respects similar to Gravelines, but the defeat of Nelson might have been retrieved while that of Howard and Drake could not have been. Of battles fought on British soil, that of Culloden Moor is the best answer to the question. If the rebels had won, the Stuart régime would probably have been restored, and with it all the innumerable evils from which the life work of William of Orange finally freed the country.

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Probably one mentioned by Livy. During the second Punic War the contractors for delivering corn into Spain stipulated that the Government should indemnify them against loss by the enemy or tempest. Cicero, too, after his victory in Cilicia, seems to have obtained security against the loss of his booty during its transit to Rome. These instances, however, are not regarded as true cases of insurance by many authorities, who assert that only after the revival of commerce in the tenth century did it come into vogue. If this be so, the first mention of insurance is the establishment in 1310, at Bruges, at the request of the inhabitants, of a chamber of assurance. "The contract of reciprocal insurance was known likewise in Portugal in the fourteenth century, and in the fifteenth (September 10th, 1436) King Edward of Portugal writes from Lisbon that the merchant vessels of the English, which had been chartered for the Tangiers expedition, had not been insured, owing to the fault of their proprietors; whilst those of the Portuguese, even of the Royal Navy, were." It is probable, however, that insurance came into use in Italy early in the twelfth century, and was, by the Lombards, transplanted into those countries with which they had commercial dealings. To them, therefore, the invention of insurance, as it is now understood, is generally conceded.

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3912. At about what Age have Most Great Men become Famous?

It is remarkable how great a number have achieved fame before they were thirty. Spurgeon crowded his church with hearers at 18; Victor Hugo's first volume of poems appeared at 20; Adelina Patti was a leading singer at 16; Alexandre Dumas, 22; Cuvier, the naturalist, 26; Lamartine, 30; Byron, 22; Tennyson, 25; Aristotle (the "Intellect of his school," at 17); Victor Hugo, 25; Charlotte Brontë, 22; William III. of England (an able general at 22); Carl Linnaeus, 24; Schiller, 23; Burns, 27; Thomas Moore, 23; Charles Lamb, 25; Beethoven, 17; Mozart, 15; Ben Jonson, 24; Charles James Fox, 25; Isaac Newton, 24; Hannibal, 26; Voltaire, 22; Disraeli, 22; Wm. Pitt, 24; Humphrey Davy, 23; Tasso, 17; Wilberforce, 25; Washington Irving, 26; Correggio, 30; Francis Bacon, 28; and Galileo, 19. All these achieved fame before they were thirty. Necessarily the list that could be quoted of great men who became famous after they had passed thirty is large, but they are scattered over the other decades up to eighty and more. Among the thirties and forties we might name many, notably Harvey (discovered circulation of blood at 38), Shakespeare, Morse, Napoleon (Emperor at 36), Goldsmith, Pope, Sir Robert Walpole, John Stuart Mill, Wellington, and Benjamin Franklin. Others might be named in other decades, but the general evidence fixes the period of from twenty to thirty years as the most prolific of reputations.

3914. Is there any Building in the World not Dedicated to the uses of Christianity which has a Text of Scripture on every Brick Used in the Structure?

This is the case with the Church of St. Sophia, now the Mosque Aya Sofia, rebuilt by Justinian on the ruins of three other churches, the first of which was built by Constantine when he removed the imperial capital to Byzantium. The text with which the bricks are stamped is a portion of the fifth verse of the forty-sixth chapter of the Psalms: "God is in the midst of her." When St. Sophia was converted into a mosque after the Turkish conquest in 1453, all the Christian emblems were removed or defaced, and the exquisite mosaic pictures covered up with plaster in obedience to the Moslem law, which absolutely forbids the portrayal of any living thing, either by painting or carving.

3913. Was there Anything among the Ancients Resembling the Modern Trade Union?

There is no doubt that in Ancient Rome the various trades were formed into guilds and unions. These were called colleges. We hear specifically of unions of smiths, silver and gold miners, and tax-collectors. Their exact sphere of influence is more difficult to define. It

is certain that it was very great, and many laws were passed forbidding illegal combinations. They had a great influence on politics in Rome, and at length became so powerful that they could impose their wishes on candidates for office, and thwart the wishes of other sections of the populace. The publicans or tax-collectors in particular could render life a burden to any governors who could not satisfy their exorbitant demands. The tendency of modern research is to attach more and more importance to these unions. It is difficult to gain precise information as to their movements, as their meetings were secret and illegal; but most of the underground work of politics at Rome was undoubtedly influenced by their machinations.

3915. Is there any Foundation in Fact for the Term "Bee-line"?

It has been found by actual observation that the bee always, if possible, flies in a straight line when making for the hive. Its sense of direction appears to be very defective and much inferior to that of flies. Sir John Lubbock put a bee in a long, deep glass, and held the closed end against the window. The bee tried for more than half-an-hour to get through the glass instead of escaping from the open end. Some flies that were put in with it immediately found their way out. Wasps, too, are very similar. If a wasp be in a room in which there are two windows, one open and the other closed, and a straight line from its nest leads to the closed one, it will go there and try for hours to get through the glass instead of taking the open one. A favourite method with bee-hunters is to catch a bee and let it go. When released it will almost invariably start off in a straight line to its hive or nest. And this is of course an excellent guide to the hunter.

3916. Do any Animals besides Man Cultivate Plants for Food?

Not only are there animals that are hunters, and fishers, and shepherds, but there are farmers, too, who cultivate plants for food. This is done by the gardener, or leaf-cutting ants. Herr Alfred Möller had a number of these ants under close observation for a considerable time at Blumenau, and proved that these industrious creatures displayed a very high degree of intelligence. They not only cultivate the fungi on which they exist, but by judicious selection they have evolved a specially suitable variety, with swollen lateral branches. Their fungus garden is enclosed, protected from the light, and thither the ants carry strips of leaf, crushed up by their mandibles, to supply the crop with organic food. All unsuitable material is carefully weeded out by these busy little insects that sample of the earth of their garden, when grown in a nutritive solution, gave a perfectly pure culture, free from all bacteria. Dr. McCook's account of the ant-culture of Texas (*pogonomyrmex barbatus*) gives a marvellous illustration of farming habits, for these ants, to a certain extent, at least—cultivate in front of their nests a kind of grass with a rice-like seed. They cut off all other plants from their fields, and thus their crops flourish.

3917. Which is the Best Historical Example of an Apparently Impossible Threat being Carried into Execution?

In the year 76 B.C. when Caesar, at the age of twenty-four, was on his way to Rhodes to perfect himself in oratory at the school of Apollonius Molo, he was captured by pirates off Miletus. For six weeks he was kept captive, during which time he shared in the games and sports of the robbers, though every day he assured them that one day he should hang every man in the land, a threat at which they only laughed. For years these pirates had infested the Mediterranean Sea, rendering it unsafe to anyone travelling or trading without a strong armed escort; they had made alliances with several states, and had captured no fewer than four hundred important towns. At length Caesar was ransomed for the enormous sum of fifty talents. He promptly returned to Rome, collected a fleet of vessels, swooped down upon the pirates as they were dividing their plunder, and carried them off to Pergamos, where he had every one crucified. He then went on to Rhodes and practised elocution for two years.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

3941. Which is the most modern disease to which mankind is subject?

3942. Is there any trade or profession in which the worker competes mainly or wholly with himself?

3943. In which branch of athletics does the championship most often change hands?

3944. Which is the smallest colonial possession belonging to a European nation?

3945. Has the area of any British possession been decided by the range of a cannon?

3946. Which nation first organised military barracks on the modern system?

3947. What would probably have been the condition of England at the present day if the Roman legions had never been withdrawn?

3948. Which is the best historical example of "catching a Tartar"?

3949. Which is the oldest English sea-port still frequented by shipping?

3950. At which period has the greatest comfort prevailed among the labouring classes of this country?

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DUELS IN THE AIR.

A SUGGESTED METHOD OF SETTLING POINTS OF HONOUR.

KITE battles are peculiarly Asiatic. The shrewdness and tact of those who handle the kites and their skill in construction, as well as the individual peculiarities of the kites, are put to severe test in these contests.

A sportsman-like spirit usually pervades them, but they are at times the causes of lifelong feuds between ill-natured persons. Both boys and men have their battles, which take place between parties or individuals.

The weapons which arm the battle-kites are of two varieties: one is connected with the cord or rope, the other with the tail. The first-named weapon is distributed along one hundred yards of the cordage, beginning a few yards from the kite; the cordage is liberally saturated with a sticky gum, which, before it is dry, is thoroughly charged with glass pulverised finely for the thin cord of small kites, and with coarser, sharply edged or pointed fragments of glass for the rope of larger kites.

The second and more effective weapon is made by either threads of glass chipped perseveringly out of the sides of glass bottles until several are secured having the curve of the bottle's side, and with a sharp edge on the inner side of the curve, sickle-like, or the same form may be simulated in any scrap of metal which will take and hold a sharp edge.

Now a shred of bamboo a few inches long is transversely pierced at its middle by two punctures which cross each other. A knife blade then successively passed through and slightly twisted, causes two splits at right angles, each extending from the middle towards, but not to, the ends of the bamboo.

In these two slots are placed two of the double-ended metal blades, or four of the sickle-like glass blades, with their four ends projecting sidewise from the bamboo. The stick is then bound by cord so tightly wound round it as to seize the blades firmly in the slots or splits.

One or two of these instruments are provided and attached to the tail, one at the bottom end, the other half-way up, and with the keen edges invariably upwards. The ends of the sticks are tapered, and so snugly secured to the tail that the finest cord cannot be slipped in between the stick and the tail.

Suppose yourself to be one of the duellists, and we the opponent. This is how the duel is fought:

Your kite is named "Ko-chieu," our own is "Pear-son." We stipulate that our battlefield shall be within certain limits. With our backs directly to the wind, exactly to the right and left of each other, and fifty feet apart, we each dismiss our kite into the air in a fresh breeze. Ko-chieu flies at a slightly higher angle than Pear-son; each tail is so slight, adjacent to its respective kite, that a serpentine curvature is imparted to the tail as it responds to the oscillation of its kite.

Ko-chieu, as he sways to the right towards Pear-son, is given a twitch of the string, whereby his sway is protracted into a huge circle so dangerously near to pitching over Pear-son's cord that the latter is gently withdrawn and in response Pear-son glides up the wind higher than Ko-chieu.

Before Ko-chieu has resumed his position after the dive, Pear-son's cord is run rapidly out—slipped over the index finger; we drop on the left (far) side of Ko-chieu's cord. You quickly seize your cord and run swiftly to the right and forward—diagonally. Then you stand, and, rapidly working your hands, pull Ko-chieu towards you with intent to get your glassed line in place on top of our line, then to continue your quick in-pull and thus to saw across the naked line. Divining your purpose, we run backwards until we have brought our section of glassed cord up under, and in contact with your glassed section of our cord. You are checked; it is diamond cut diamond; Pear-son and Ko-chieu foul each other.

After more manoeuvring our line becomes caught in your cutter, and the down-pull of Ko-chieu causes it to sever Pear-son's line. And so the battle ends.

This is an idea well worthy of consideration across the Channel. A good kite-duel would be quite as dangerous, and a good deal more exciting than the ordinary French *affaire d'honneur*.

"I MUST tell you a secret, old man. I am going to elope, and I want to wear the correct suit. What is the proper thing?"

"A cutaway coat, of course."

"WHAT was the greatest disappointment of your life?" asked her dear friend.

"When a deaf and dumb man tried to tell me he loved me in a dark hallway," she responded.

SHE (as her lover is about to start on a journey round the world): "My dear Adolph, will you be true to me when you are far away? Promise me that you will write to me from every town you visit!"

He: "O, Ada, is it love that prompts you to say this? Ada, swear to me, do you really love me, or are you merely collecting foreign postage stamps?"

Five Ages of Woman.

ONLY a prattling wee baby
Dancing on mamma's knee,
A chubby and dimpled cherub,
Pretty as she could be.
Laughing and jumping and crowing,
Bubbling with innocent mirth,
Mamma just thinks her treasure
The darlingest one on earth.

Only a laughing school-girl,
Fair as a budding rose,
Gazing with tender glances
On her young would-be beaux;
Never a cloud above her,
Never a care has she,
No one could help but love her
In her simplicity.

Only a fair young lady,
Proud as a queen of old,
Lovers who seek her favour,
Meet with but glances cold.
Naught but a prince can woo her,
A prince with an honoured name;
Love is to her but folly,
The dream of her life is fame.

Only a serious woman,
Charms slowly fading away;
Her prince never came to seek her,
Her head is threatened with grey.
Longing for love then denied her,
Praying for someone to woo;
Gone are her queenly ambitions—
Any old fellow will do.

Only a maiden of fifty,
Skillfully spreading her net,
Still there is hope in her bosom
That someone may gobble her yet.
Paints and cosmetics and powders,
And clad in the briefest of dress,
When seen on her bike at a distance
You'd think her but twenty or less.

The Ideal and the Real.

THE STAGE.

MISTRESS: "We have met with reverses, Mary, and can no longer afford to keep a servant. You have served us faithfully many years, and it cuts me to the heart to say the words—but we shall have to learn to do without you."

Mary: "You can't, ma'am; and what's more, you shan't try! Who says that I want wages or anything else, except my mouthful of victuals and a board to lay on, when those that's more'n flesh and blood to me are in trouble? Don't say any more about it, for it can't be done!" (Applause.)

Mistress: "Bless you, faithful old soul! It's the silver lining to our cloud of distress to know that we have such a staunch heart as yours to count on."

REAL LIFE.

Mistress: "Biddy, your master is bankrupt, and I'm afraid you will have to look out for another situation."

Biddy: "Then it's a month's warning or a month's wages as I'll be takin', mem, beside the fifteen shillin' ye owes me for back arrears."

Scientific Savages.

A CENTURY ago, when savages all over the globe were employing the primitive method of rubbing sticks together to obtain a light; when civilised peoples had nothing more scientific than flint, steel, and tinder-box; a tribe of savages inhabiting the eastern portion of Thibet obtained fire on strictly scientific principles by the use of an apparatus consisting of a wooden cylinder two inches and a half long by three-quarters of an inch in diameter, which was closed at one end.

Into this cylinder—which tapered off at one end until it was not larger than a common lead-pencil—was fitted an airtight piston, which had a large, flat knob at the top. The other end of the piston was slightly hollowed out, the indentation being intended for the reception of a small piece of tinder, or punk.

When this apparatus was in use, it was held in one hand, the piston being inserted with the other, and about half-way down. A very sharp blow was then given with the palm of the hand on the top of the large or knob end of the piston.

At the same instant the fingers were closed round the knob and the piston instantly withdrawn.

If everything had worked to perfection, the scientific savage was usually rewarded by finding that the tinder had been lighted, and a fire was assured.

This required a knowledge of the properties of compressed air. Sir William Gill, who studied this apparatus and its working, said that "it requires skill to use it and science to invent it."

WHERE'S THE PAIN?

HOW PEOPLE INDICATE THE PLACE THAT HURTS.

THE secret is out. It is within the bounds of possibility for any intellectual person to define with fairish accuracy the character of many of the ills that flesh is heir to by quietly taking notice of the gesture with which a patient describes his pain.

Ask a sufferer where the pain is, and the manner of his showing you will, at all events, in the majority of instances, unconsciously reveal its true character, and the experienced eye can straightway detect the nature of the malady.

The patient's gesture is of wonderful aid in assisting anyone to diagnose a case. For instance, take a person who is suffering from some form of pain, not inflammatory, in the abdominal regions; asked to locate it, he will quite involuntarily indicate it by patting his waistcoat. An inflammatory malady is generally indicated by the patient gently passing his open hand over the affected area, or touching the spot with the index finger of the right hand.

No gesture is, perhaps, more reliable than that employed by a sufferer to indicate pain of any kind in the chest. Should the pain be diffused widely in the region of the sternum, embracing the greater part of the walls of the chest, it is almost a foregone conclusion that the patient will indicate it with a circular rubbing motion of the palm of the hand. This gesture poses as a pointer to widely distributed soreness.

But if a chest pain arise from serious inflammation, notice how the sufferer will describe it by first drawing the hand away from the body, and then, with the digital members of the hands closed together, or, perhaps, with the first finger pointed out and the rest bent, the hand will cautiously approach the seat of disturbance.

A curious fact in connection with certain affections of the leg is that where there is an acute, diffused pain in the leg, not arising from inflammatory causes, the patient in indicating it will almost be sure to grasp the leg firmly. But only one finger will be brought into play to describe a darting pain in the same member.

The gesture employed for indicating pain in the heart is the common one of firmly pressing the region with generally one finger only. But where rheumatic pains lurk in the shoulder you will observe that in showing you the place the hand of the patient will be partly closed, and the painful area pressed slightly with no more than three of the fingers.

It is curious but true that neuralgia is nearly always indicated with the thumb, while pain caused by gall-stones is always pointed out with the top of the thumb. The seat of origin of that painful malady, known in medical lore as *Locomotor Ataxy*—involuntary movement of the muscles of the legs causing a shambling gait—is generally described by the patient grasping the affected area firmly, and showing momentary reluctance to withdraw the hand.

Even the gesture of a child is not to be overlooked. If "baby" refers to a pain in the abdominal regions, and fails to show by gesture that there is tenderness, the spine will in all probability be found to be affected to a slight or an important degree.

If your friend is suffering from a stiff neck, he will show you where the seat of the trouble is by gently pressing on the affected part with the tips of his fingers—that's all. A sharp pain in the head is indicated similarly, only, if the pain be in the front, he will press the temple with the palm of his hand. A sore muscle will be pinched with two fingers, but a hip bruise will be indicated by a pressure of the closed hand.

A pain in the side introduces a gesture common to everybody—pressure of the tips of the fingers, the hand being kept as rigid as possible.

The writer, when at hospital, learnt to place much reliance upon these gestures, and many experts trust to them when diagnosing a case.

UNLESS he toils the bicyclist spins not.

LIMBURGER CHEESEMAKER: "Well, there is one advantage I have. No one comes here poking their nose into my business."

IRATE, BUT POLITE PERSON (who has just taken away an umbrella from the social pest in front): "Permit me, sir, to return your umbrella; I found it in my eye!"

THE WIFE: "What a sweet smile there is on baby's face, John."

The Husband: "Yes; he's probably dreaming that he's keeping me awake."

TEN BROKE (gloomily): "It's depressing, Chumley. The duns come in—exchequer busted—department of interior out of order—trousers bag at the knees—Isaacstein has my watch—can't get a liver from anybody—promised to take Lucile to the opera. But for one thing, I should commit suicide."

Chumley (sympathetically): "Yes—and that is?"

Ten Broke: "Curiosity, Chumley. I have a gloomy curiosity to see how the whole wretched business will turn out."

CAN A TRADESMAN BE
HONEST?SEE WHAT YOU THINK WHEN YOU HAVE READ THIS
ARTICLE.

IF our moralists are correct, commercial morality is on the wane. What is the cause? Of course, to speak in general terms, the aim of man nowadays is to get on in the world, to be ambitious, to excel, in short—to put the right interpretation upon it—to make money quickly, and this upward tendency to succeed brings into play all the best parts of a business man.

The rush for wealth is appalling, and in the race it is just possible for an eager man to submit to the passions of the age, and momentarily forget the persuasive, if silent, eloquence of honour and integrity.

Mind, we say possible. It would be a terrible thing to ascribe to every sensible man a loathsome epithet as to the manner and means of individual success, for success is as easy to gain by a strict observance of those virtues that mark out the honest conscience, as by methods the reverse of honour, if a man have perseverance and be endowed with the fighting spirit of determination.

The straining to win success is to-day so great that a man must needs be a bicephalous creature—a man with two heads instead of one—to be able to pass his competitors, that maddening crowd of enthusiasts whose zeal is so sincere and whose devotion is to reach the much-coveted goal in the keeping of the Golden Calf. Years ago tact led a man on to victory, but to-day cunning has succeeded tact, and avariciousness has, it is to be feared, supplanted skill.

But why need a man be so hard-pressed? Because he has goods on his hands and must sell them. Competition has assumed gigantic proportions, commercial pressure is enormously high, and those fine feelings of the *genus* commercial man—originally dictated by good taste and honest judgment, in the first instance—are thrown to the wall, and the artifices of Machiavelli are invoked in order that he might get ahead of his competitors, and sell his parcel.

He will tell you that he must live and provide for his family, and this, together with his adoption of the modern commercial instinct, makes the business man an object-lesson of—well, doubt.

There is no doubt that grave misrepresentations are made daily in the exchanging of articles of commerce for money, and in this respect, to enumerate two instances only, the watch trade and silk trade sin the most, and are particular object-lessons of commercial immorality.

Watches are sold, for instance, in this country, in thousands, represented as having been made in England, and therefore, thoroughly English, whereas, as a matter of fact, they are manufactured in the big watch-making centres abroad, the only English thing about them being the case, which may bear the English hall-mark.

These cases are stamped here, and sent to Germany, Switzerland, and France, for "making-up." The latter process having been gone through, they are returned to England and sold for English watches.

This evasion of the ill-worded Trade Marks Act, and wilful corruption of its meaning, has led to the pretty-nigh extinction of the watch industry in England, and perverted the talents of watch-makers, whose skill has been turned into other channels, such for instance as, according to an old Clerkenwell hand, the electric light trade and kindred branches. True, there are a few genuine English manufacturers of English watches, but their number is very limited.

The Earl of Derby takes a deep interest in the resuscitation of the home industry, and is now doing all he can to bring Prescott up to its old prestige, for time was when that now, comparatively speaking, unknown town in Lancashire was one of the principal English watch-making centres, in the days when letters for Liverpool were directed "Liverpool, near Prescott."

The commercial morality of our few native watch-making firms cannot be questioned, but with these exceptions, P.W. has gathered from inquiry, the main body of watchmakers and their agents are in a consumptive state so far as their tenacity to commercial integrity, and morality is concerned.

Take the silk trade. Again, thousands and thousands of yards of silk are sold over the counter to buyers, who, relying upon the statements of the young man behind the counter (who perhaps doesn't know any better), believe they are buying English-made silk, whereas it is nothing of the sort. A good two-thirds of the silk sold in this country is the embodiment of a downright fraud, or to put it more mildly, is the result of a chemical process known in France.

Here's the sequel. A weaver sends—say a sixteen-ounce skein of raw silk to the dyers. In order to render that silk capable of being dyed certain processes of scouring have to be gone through which results in the loss of about four ounces of the raw material.

To make up for this loss, and to meet the demand of a competitive market which clamours for cheapness, the science of chemistry has of late years been called in not only to increase the weight, but the substance of the silk as well, and so extraordinary have been the results that a sixteen-ounce skein of silk has been returned by the dyer weighing, first of all, thirty-six, then fifty, and as much as ninety ounces.

The discovery of the use of salts of tin has proved

an enormous aid to the development of dishonesty in this particular branch of commerce, and the French, who are admittedly a clever race in applying chemistry to common purposes, have now got so far ahead in the silk industry that they are almost able to dispense with the raw material itself.

This is the main reason why, following in the footsteps of the almost defunct watch industry, the silk industry in this country has been massacred—thanks to the treaty of 1860.

Can a tradesman be scrupulously honest? Pick up a daily paper at random, and the chances are that you will read of some civil action being tried where one commercial man is suing another for commission on a "deal," a transaction, probably, for taking money out of somebody else's pocket. Scan the advertisement columns of our dailies and read between the lines of 90 per cent. of the ads. that appear in them, for partnerships in rotten and tottering businesses, finance bargains in property and businesses, so called lucrative investments, and the thousand and one other "attractive" matters—scan these through, and then ask yourself the question whether commercial morality is on the wane, or not.

Why, your nimble, quick, active shopman will do his best to follow in the steps of his leader and get on in the world by pushing wares upon which he gets the biggest commission, and as the world wags can you blame him? Certainly not. By his flexible manner you will be led to believe that what he is offering you is a grand bargain, but his very agreeable smile is not at you, it is at the prospect of making a good "deal." It is all "deal" nowadays.

Your "sales" coquette to the innocent-minded, but few "sacrifices" are really ever made, for our times won't allow of any such thing. Why such a wilful perversion of trading? Tradesmen are not such fools as to buy goods with the probable view of selling the same "below cost price." But, poor fellows, they must pander to the depraved tastes of a worse depraved public, which will have "cheap" things, and the public thinks that by patronising advertised sales it is getting something good and at the same time "cheap." But the tradesman doesn't lose. We don't say that every "sale" is dishonest. Commercial immorality hoodwinks, wheedles, and coaxes you to participate in its schemes, and unconsciously you lend a helping hand in the propagation of the evil.

Looking broadly at the question, the fact cannot be blinked at that in the majority of the doings in connection with commerce honesty is but a poor supplement to the great issue at stake; commercial integrity is more of a chimerical term than anything else, and uprightness in "deals" is more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

But morality in commerce is not quite dead. We have no desire to paint the best side of the world in the blackest of black paint. Everything has its seamy side, and so far as the topic under discussion is concerned, its seamy side is not infamous if reproachful, is not disgraceful if unfaithful to integrity, is not positively sinful if erring. For faults like these we must turn to the social side of life—to Society. No, if we err in commercial dealings, it is because we are anxious to keep pace with the times, with competition, with ourselves.

To stem the current of this abuse commission should be abolished—for to give a man a commission on sales is on a par with setting a price on his head for veracity, not ability—and in its place let a man share in some degree the profits enjoyed by his master. In every house of business there should be a "pool" set apart for the benefit of the whole of the staff according to position. But the commission system is a curse, and no one knows this better than the commercial man with a conscience.

"WHAT makes you think Jimmy will grow up to be an impressionist painter?"

"He can't write a word without smearing it dreadfully."

A DEADLY PUN.—"What is that?" asked the condemned murderer, pointing to the death warrant in the warder's hand.

"That? That's a noosepaper."

BUSINESS ACUMEN.—First North Pole Explorer (elatedly): "Hurrah! We have but to push on two days more, and the Pole is reached."

Second Explorer (thoughtfully): "Yes, but time is precious. We had much better turn back now, or I may have to cancel some of the dates of our lecturing tour!"

"LADY BLANK were," so one of the papers says, "a dream in hats; glorious black feathers picked out with a tuft or two of blue." Why should not men's dress be thus graphically described sometimes?

"Mr. Chamberlain was, I noticed, wearing a simply perfect pair of trousers of a sweet dark brown, charmingly striped. The Duke of Devonshire's delicate, faintly-coloured pink shirt, of the latest fashion, was much admired, whilst Sir William Harcourt's black hat and costly black silk necktie to match were decidedly impressive."

THEY READ DAN LENO'S COMIC
JOURNAL—PERHAPS!

THE Queen has had altogether 127 pet dogs. At one time she had forty at once.

VERDI, the Italian composer, charges one pound for an autograph or a signed photograph; when the request comes from a wealthy admirer, he asks double that sum. He does not keep the money, but distributes it among the poor.

DR. SAMUEL SMILES, the veteran author of "Self Help," although in his eighty-sixth year, has by no means given up work. He is living in so-called retirement at his home in Pembroke Gardens, Kensington, but he has been hard at work on a new book, which he has just completed.

LORD SALISBURY'S daughter, Gwendolen, is an excellent mathematician. It is said of her that at fourteen she was so proficient in mathematics that she might have taken a degree. She has probably inherited this from her distinguished father. She is the authoress of a book on "The Curse of Intellect."

THE ex-Lord Chancellor, Lord Herschell, is an excellent performer on the violoncello, and used to find relief from the cares of State and his legal work in the Highest Court, by taking part in musical gatherings at his town residence. When a plain Q.C., he proposed to introduce a Bill against breach of promise cases.

ONE of Mr. Gladstone's peculiar ideas, which he has followed for fifteen years, is to go to bed the instant he finds that he has caught cold, and stay there until the indisposition has passed. In this way he believes he has frequently cut short what might have been a serious illness. He sometimes reads and writes in bed just as usual.

OUIDA never shakes hands; she declares it to be the most vulgar form of salutation. As soon as she enters a room she goes straight to a seat. Once seated, she will not budge until she takes her leave. Anyone who wishes to meet her must play Mahomet to her mountain. No matter who he is, she never rises or changes her position.

MR. MORICE, one of the judges of the High Court of Pretoria with whom the President is at variance, is an Aberdeen man. He studied law at Edinburgh, where he was called. He afterwards qualified in Roman-Dutch law. He went to the Cape and then to the Transvaal, and had a large practice at Pretoria. He was raised to the Bench seven years ago.

EMILE ZOLA, like many another writer, has had to work his way up the ladder of fame. One of his first situations was as clerk in a Paris publishing firm, at a salary of eighty francs a month. He is said to be very rich now, although he insists that he has not made so much money as other people say. "I do not work for money; it does not trouble me," he said on one occasion.

MISS MAY OSTLER, "Little May," as she is called, appeared as a composer of dance music at the early age of six. Her first work was a polka, and it was full of the rhythm necessary for dance music. She has since made her mark in dance music, but declares that she owes her success to her pluck in publishing on her own account the waltz "Ariadne" which made her name. That waltz was refused by several publishers to whom she offered it.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, the "Iron King," was only eleven when his family emigrated from Scotland to the United States. He began his career as a telegraph messenger, was appointed operator, and gradually rose in the estimation of his employers until he was made superintendent. After a time he had a desire to become his own master, and started a rolling mill. From a small beginning this business grew to be the largest iron and steel works in the world controlled by one man.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, the American millionaire, still possesses the ledger with which he first started business over forty years ago. It is a little yellow-backed account book, marked carefully "Ledger A," and it shows that his income from December 26th, 1855, to January 25th, 1856, was exactly £10 8s. 4d. Mr. Rockefeller says: "I lived within my income. Out of that I paid my washerwoman and the lady with whom I boarded, and I saved a little and put it away. The poorest man," he has remarked, "is the man who has nothing but money—nothing else in the world but money—only money."

SIR MARTIN CONWAY, the celebrated climber of high mountains, believes that mountain climbing is good for everybody except the man with a weak heart. There is probably a double meaning in the last clause. He has a black moustache, square jaw, and a strong face generally; his demeanour inspires confidence, and his smile invites friendship. He was once the Roscoe Professor of Art at University College, Liverpool, but he was too fond of roaming about in his many-coated Norfolk jacket, many miles from everywhere, to retain a professorship. Perhaps his taste has changed now, seeing that he has succeeded Rider Haggard as chairman of the Managing Committee of the Society of Authors.

THE SMOKER'S BEST FRIEND

The pipe is one of the most ancient instruments of human enjoyment.

The use of the pipe has been traced among all the primitive peoples, with the exception of the natives of Australia. But modern civilised races owe the pipe and their tobacco first of all to America, whence they were introduced into England, by common agreement, by Sir Walter Raleigh.

The oldest pipes have been found in the grave mounds of the Mississippi valley. These are in various kinds of stone, some being carved into the shape of the human head, and others into the form of then known animals; but the most common kind of this historical lot of pipes have a plain conical bowl.

This discovery is evidence of the fact that smoking is as old as the hills; but it wasn't tobacco that was smoked, it was principally hemp.

The pipe of our primitive fathers hadn't a straight slender stem like your own pipe has; it was short, broad, and curved. They went in for fancy designs, too, even in those days, heads

Typical German Pipe.

of animals, such as the beaver, bear, and seal predominating.

Of all the primitive pipes that have been found, the most interesting is that known as the "elephant" pipe. This particular pipe has puzzled scientific men. It was found in America, having been smoked there many centuries before the time of Columbus, and archaeologists have been wondering ever since how the first inhabitants of America came to know of the elephant, an animal which, properly speaking, never was a native of those parts. They have conjectured that as the "elephant" of the elephant pipe is not shown with tusks, the animal represented must be that of the extinct mastodon—a precious discovery, inasmuch as it proves that the habit of smoking was contracted by the very aborigines of the human family.

The everyday phrase one hears nowadays, that of the "pipe of peace," comes from India, where the "calumet," or pipe of peace, was smoked in contradistinction to the "pipe of war." The former pipe was the heirloom of the ancient Indians, carefully cherished by the warriors and superbly decorated with all the

splendour of savage taste by the hands of their women folk, who vied with one another in rendering it as showy as possible.

The "pipe of war" was a real tomahawk, and was smoked through the handle, the smoking "mixture," whatever it was, being placed in a small place made for it above the hatchet-head. The Stickkeen Indians smoke a pipe curiously shaped, made of wood and whalebone.

Among the Bechuana of Africa it is the custom of the people when smoking to take a limber twig, which they bend into the form of a semi-circle and then bury in

mud. This is well-pounded down, and when the earth is sufficiently set the twig is withdrawn leaving a hole which answers the purpose of a pipe stem. The "mixture" for smoking is placed in the excavation.

The Hawaiians swallow the smoke drawn through a three-foot tube attached to a rudely-made bowl, and one pipe serves a whole company. The Kaffirs smoke a water-pipe resembling the hookah, and their tobacco is called dagha, a kind of hemp.

The pipe of the modern Egyptians is an elaborate thing. The bowl is of baked earth, made of peculiarly fine clay, of

Pipe of War.

pieces, a light-coloured joined by ornaments of agate, jasper, corallian, or cious substance.

The Kirghiz smoke a curious pipe with three bowls, and of the usual Oriental length of stem.

That singular tribe, the Kookies, have, attached to their pipes, a reservoir, ingeniously contrived, for collecting the juice of the tobacco, which is afterwards emptied into the mouth.

The pipes of the natives of New Guinea consist merely of long strips of bamboo, one end being plugged, and a capacious hole being made, into which the "weed" is crammed.

The natives of the Zambesi district of East Africa are proud of their pipes. These are formed of an antelope's entire horn, from the middle of which a

vertical piece of wood rises, which serves as the bowl.

Coming down to less savage peoples, the Eskimos smoke short pipes with small metal bowls of various shapes, while the North American Indians affect a pipe which is admirably sculptured, generally in the form of a human head or body, or of some bird or beast.

The tube is often thirty inches long, and this is often beautifully ornamented with beads and the bright plumage of birds.

The famous Persian Kalyun, the native pipe, consists of the head, the water-bottle or base, and the long flexible tube ending in the mouthpiece. The tobacco is steeped in water first.

The Turkish hookah and the Persian narghileh are the most magnificent and expensive of all pipes.

The tubes smoke is leather sometimes ornamented while the water is glass, hand-lavishly decorated with emeralds. The tubes vary from five to ten yards in length.

The pipes of European peoples are varied and interesting. Take the favourite briar-root. This is made out of the wood of the tree heath (bryonia), and grows in Southern France and Italy. Briars are made at Nuremberg and also at Ruhla, and the average annual output from each place is about

500,000. The blocks of wood are steamed in vats for twelve hours (hence the dearthness of a good briar), which gives them that yellow-brownish tint so much admired.

510,000 real meerschaum pipes are turned out yearly;

1,000,000 artificial meerschaum; and 1,000,000 porcelain pipes.

The Germans have made their pipes the subject of immense study. Those in common use consist of four parts, the Kopf, to hold the weed; the Abguss, to catch the juice; the stem; and the Mund-stuck, the mouth-piece. This pipe was brought into use 200 years ago.

It has generally a porcelain bowl. Others are meerschaum, wood, and clay.

The pipe of the modern Turkish peasant has a red clay bowl with a long cherry-wood stem, while the lower orders of the Japanese smoke a pipe made of metal with a cane stem.

The common Russian pipe is made of wood, and tipped with the red copper of the Ural mountains, and lined with a thin sheet of tin, turned over at the brim. The stem is of dogwood, and it is tied to the pipe by a rough thong of leather.

The Chinese are heavy smokers, patronising tobacco and opium. The pipes used by them have straight stems of from three to five feet in length, the bowl holding a small quantity of the weed. They have another pipe on the principle of the Turkish hookah.

To revert to the Japs again, the wealthier of that country smoke pipes made long and straight, the stem being inlaid with imitations of flowers, birds, and insects.

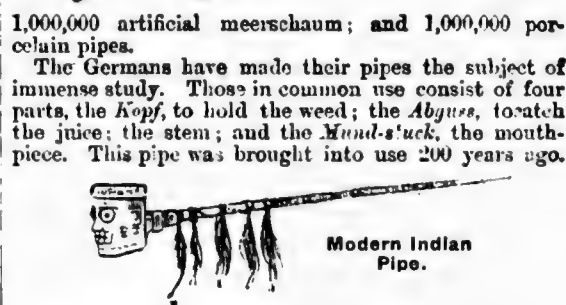
The clay pipe of Old England is nearly 300 years old. It is of baked clay, enjoys a variety of shapes, lengths, and weights, and bears, as a rule, ornamentations frequently baffling description. It is made principally in Broseley, Staffs, in which place the clay pipe first saw the light in 1600; but it is now also manufactured in large quantities in Holland. Ten million clays are put on the British and foreign markets annually.

A Birmingham gentleman once had the finest collection of clay pipes in the

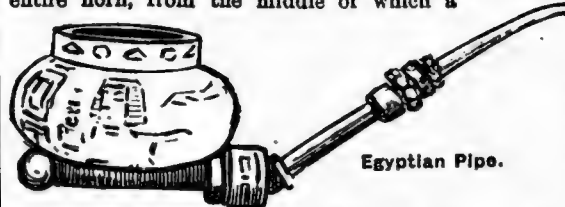
world. It consisted of 7,000 specimens. At various periods during the world's history, and in every quarter of the globe, both by civilised and savage peoples, pipes have solaced every race of mankind, aromatic herbs and hemp in the earlier days taking the place of modern tobaccos.



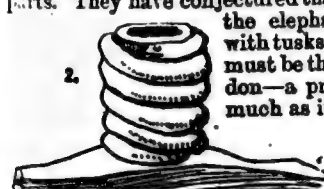
Zambesi Pipe.



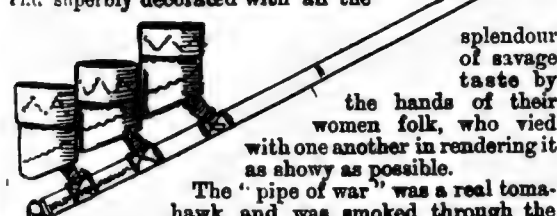
Modern Indian Pipe.



Egyptian Pipe.



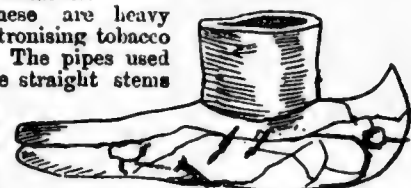
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Three-bowled Kirghiz.



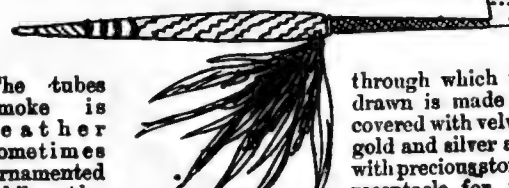
Elephant Pipe.



Turkish Hookah.



Persian Kalyun.



Pipe of Peace.



5.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Pipes found in the Mississippi Valley.

Mild curate, grave parson, and decorous dean o',
Will welcome the journal—run by DAN LENO.

Answered First Time.

THE doctor who made the reply noted below was a wise man, because he replied to a question which no one could answer, in such terms that the questioner thought him wise.

"Doctor," said an old lady to her family physician, "can you tell me how it is that some children are born dumb?"

"Why—certainly, madam," replied the doctor. "It is owing to the fact that they come into the world without the faculty of speech."

"Dear me," remarked the old lady, "now just see what it is to be educated like a doctor. I've just asked my husband the same thing more than a dozen times, and all I could get out of him was, 'Because they are.'"

The doctor laughed.

Where Women Reign.

IT will be news to most people to learn that there exists in Russia a district which is wholly administered, and for the greater part of the year exclusively inhabited, by the fair sex. It comprises some fifteen square miles in the Province of Smolensk.

In the early spring all the able-bodied males emigrate in search of work to the large towns, and remain absent for nine months or more, leaving their wives and daughters to cultivate the fields and manage local affairs generally, under the presidency of a mayoress.

Before nightfall the ladies assemble in a sort of clubhouse, and play cards till one or two in the morning. Moreover, against the return of the men-folk they brew quantities of brags, or small beer, and cook numbers of piroghis, or patties. This Adamless Eden is one of the most prosperous and best-conducted portions of the empire, and the Tsarina takes a strong interest in its welfare.

Convicts who Paint and Carve.

CRIMINALS the world over are not usually celebrated for their skill in artistic productions, or even for their bias towards artistic occupations, unless it may be in that peculiarly specialised form of black and white art which is not recognised by any of the Academies. An exhibition of the work of artistic convicts, therefore, acquires a unique importance.

Such a one was held not long ago in New York. Oddly enough, there were no specimens of the artistic achievements already suggested, but, instead, there were some fine plaster casts made by a young Italian convict for the decoration of the prison chapel, some specimens of masterly wood carving, as well as articles of furniture. Other convicts contributed models in clay, sketches in colour, as well as architectural plans.

So complete indeed is the whole idea of the artistic training of these men that a "school of design," as it is called, has actually been started, where teachers, as well as pupils, are all prisoners. Indeed, the man under whose direction all the art work is done, was an architect who, before he became a convict, used to earn an annual income of £2,000, while the principal teacher is an individual who was a highly-skilled designer of furniture, and in his life of freedom also earned a very large salary.

Something Was Lost.

It was the first poem the young lady had been brave enough to offer to the paper, and she brought it in person.

She took it into the advertising department by mistake. The young lady handed her poem to the clerk, and he counted the words in it, tapping his pencil upon each word as he read. It commenced like this:

THE LAST DAY.

As the sun sank to rest that evening,
All my hopes turned to ashes and dust;
The future will bring me but grieving
For him who has broken his trust.

"That's all right," said the clerk, "and it ought to get him back quick enough. Let's see—thirty-three words—that'll be two-and-sixpence for one insertion. Will that be enough?"

"Why," said the young lady, "I hadn't thought of fixing a price. Whatever you think right will do. Will that be worth it?"

"Oh, yes, miss, it's a low rate. We'll run it in next to the reading matter. It's a catchy idea putting it in verse. You'd better add your address, so that the party who finds him can bring him round to you. Quite a pet with you, wasn't he?"

"Sir," said the young lady, "I supposed editors were gentlemen," and she went out in a rage.

"Whew!" said the advertisement clerk, as he rubbed his chin and read the poem again. "By Jingo! this is headed 'The Last Day,' and I thought it was 'The Lost Dog.' I'll let those fellows upstairs have a look at it. It might be a literary poem instead of a 'want' advertisement."

Horses that Wear Button-Holes.

PERHAPS you have noticed the florists who supply horses with their button-holes. They are visible any morning of the year along the parade at the sea-side, and hovering about the large cab-ranks in Northumberland Avenue and elsewhere in London.

They carry a large sheet—a sort of tray—of cardboard, and on this is pinned an array of bright blossoms—red, blue, green, pink, and yellow—blossoms rather like the flower of the camellia.

At once you wonder who these gorgeous button-holes are for, and, at first, when you see the cabmen one after another selecting their favourite colour, picking out the finest specimens with keen judgment, you conclude that they are for the well-dressed drivers themselves. But no. These nosegays are for the horses.

Inspecting them more closely, as you watch them being fixed in the rosette on either side of the head-piece, you observe that they are not real flowers, only clever, if rather gaudy, imitation blossoms.

A penny each, or two for a penny, is the price the cab-drivers pay, and this leaves plenty of profit for the pedlar. It is also a good investment for the driver.

"They ain't much, perhaps," said a smart-looking driver to P.W., "but they catches the eye, and I calculate they bring in about an extra job a day. It pays to have the outfit spanky when you ken afford it."

The Best Time for Theatres is When Trade is Dull.

THERE is a curious and interesting connecting link between business depression and amusements. And the argument is good.

When business is all that can be desired we are pleased. We don't want amusement; but we do when business is bad, or when we feel depressed from some other cause. And we don't seem to mind what we pay for it, or how we get it.

Drowning one's sorrows in the flowing bowl is the most miserable way of rousing our spirits. But, generally speaking, he who wants to drive dull care away—and when we are so stricken, we go in quest of amusement—we not uncommonly turn into a theatre.

As illustrating this state of affairs it may be said that during last year, in London, when business generally was bad, through the feverish Jubilee excitement, the theatrical side of the British commercial world in the Metropolis reaped a splendid harvest, the takings amounting to something like two millions sterling.

You might say that this was no criterion. It is; because in '96 the theatrical world did badly on the whole, though trade—the tremendous bicycle craze was at its full—was exceedingly good.

Another example: Trade in France last year was as dull as ditch water, but the receipts taken at the Parisian theatres exceeded those of former and more prosperous years. They amounted to one million and a half pounds sterling.

It is a fact that in times of financial distress people, at the end of a lagging and disappointing day, seek relief in amusement. The reason for this may not be difficult to find, and the natural consequence of the "blues" and bad times is a desire to be entertained, and taken completely out of oneself by a season of jollity and mirth.

It is this desire to get out of oneself, as it were, that prompts attendance at light and frivolous plays. The heavy kind of drama is left unwitnessed by the worried business man.

DON'T MISS THIS NUMBER

OR

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

PRICE SIXPENCE. NOW ON SALE. PRICE SIXPENCE.

SOME OF THE CONTENTS:

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK. (Illustrated.) Amongst the many charming pictures which are reproduced this month are splendid examples of the work of Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A., as well as a most amusing picture by M. Pirz, and many others equally as interesting and as beautiful.

MOUNTAINEERING IN ENGLAND. (Illustrated with Photographs.) By ARTHUR FARRER. The striking photographs which illustrate this article are quite unnecessary to go to Switzerland to break one's neck in mountaineering. The climbing that can be obtained at home is as perilous and as excellent a test for the nerves as the most courageous and hardy mountaineer could desire.

THE WEALTH OF THE WORLD. Written and illustrated by J. HOLZ SCHEIDT. Here we have presented to us in picturesque form, some most interesting facts about the distribution of the wealth of the world.

CHANGING SILVER INTO GOLD. (Illustrated with Photographs.) By HENRY C. FIVE. This article gives full information about the remarkable discovery which has recently been made by Dr. Emmena.

THE DEVIL'S PICTURE-BOOK. (Illustrated with Examples.) By J. H. KENNEDY. Under this title are reproduced a most interesting series of the playing-cards used in different parts of the world.

HOW THE HANDS ARE HELD. (Illustrated with Photographs.) By H. LE BERTON-MARTY. The author of this article has obtained a very striking series of photographs of the most curious attitudes for carrying the hands, which have come under his observation.

THE PERSONAL INTERESTS OF MR. GLADSTONE. (Illustrated with Photographs.) By W. ARTHUR WOODWARD. This is the most complete account that has ever been published of Mr. Gladstone's reactions throughout his long and varied career.

ANIMAL ACROBATS. (Illustrated by H. Piffard.) By J. MALCOLM FRASER. In this article a description is given of some of the very clever tricks which dogs and cats have been trained to perform, and illustrations are given of some of the most difficult tests.

AND HALF-A-DOZEN COMPLETE STORIES.

He Was in Need of Pity.

A PIOUS lady of Portsmouth had a husband who was a seaman.

He was about to start on a protracted voyage, and as his wife was anxious as to her husband's welfare, she sent the following notice to the village preacher:

"Mr. Blank, who is going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation."

As the old lady was quite illiterate, the minister read the following to the congregation from the slip handed to him:

"Mr. Blank, who is going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

How to Hunt.

DEERSTALKING among the Dogrib Indians is managed by a skilful counterfeit of the animal. Two hunters walk together—the man behind with bent body, the one in front carrying a stag's head. The legs of the men serve very well for the fore and hind legs of the animal. In this way the hunters get almost in the midst of a herd of deer before the creatures are aware of danger.

The ostrich is hunted in a similar way by the bushmen of South Africa, and the Eskimos sometimes come to close quarters with seals by dressing themselves in sealskins and dexterously mimicking the style of swimming and "flopping," so characteristic of the animal.

The Indians of the Central Plains of North America get amongst a herd of bison by covering their bodies with the skin of the prairie-wolf, whilst by the Hottentots the buffalo has himself been trained to hunt, being guided by a string attached to his horn, the hunter meanwhile crouching behind him.

In Australia the natives bring the wallaby, or young kangaroo, within the range of the spear by suspending a small bird's-skin and feathers from the end of a long rod and imitating the bird's cry.

Folks Who Loathe Horse Racing.

THEY were talking about horse racing, and when the man with the pointed beard mentioned the fact that he had seen his first horse race only the day before, the old race-goer with the grey beard leant forward and queried:

"So that was your first race, eh?"

"The very first, sir, and my last, too, I expect."

"But you can't possibly mean that? You certainly must have enjoyed such rare sport?"

"At first—yes."

"When the horses got away at the post, didn't it make your heart palpitate and your hair stand up?"

"Seems to me it did."

"And as they came up the home stretch, neck and neck, could you contain yourself?"

"I—I managed to."

"That's funny," mused the old race-goer with a cold look at the other. "Tell me now, honestly, when the people rose up and shouted as in one voice, weren't you carried away with enthusiasm?"

"Well, the fact is," replied he with the pointed beard, as if he thought some explanation should be given, "the fact is, I wasn't listening to the shouts of the crowd or paying much attention to the horses after the first race."

"You—you weren't!" gasped the other in astonishment.

"No, sir. You see, I lost £5 on the first race, and all I heard after that were the remarks of my wife concerning that fiver."

A New Mode of Executing Criminals.

THIS apparatus has been invented by the learned editor of a French scientific journal, who claims that by its aid condemned criminals can be sent on their long journey to the unknown country in a manner more in accordance with our present refined notions than by the barbarous guillotine.

It somewhat resembles a diver's helmet made without a visor. It is round and smooth, comes down to the chest and the back of the neck, and fastens under the chin with a heavy strap. There are two little holes in it, opposite the inner corner of each eye, and it is through these holes that death is sent to the man upon whom the dread sentence has been passed.

From the top of the helmet there runs a rod or tube, which curves over in front and ends exactly opposite the eye-holes. The apparatus is worked by electricity and the wires run through this tube, at the end of which are two cartridge-like arrangements, each containing a very fine and very sharp-pointed needle. The latter arrangements are movable, and are to be turned back so that the criminal shall not see them.

Everything having been adjusted, the current is turned on. The needles are impelled forward, as fast as the electric current can make them go, through the eye-holes, into the eyes and into the brain, causing instantaneous death. When the helmet is removed, the face of the criminal does not show the least trace of disfigurement.

While his readers laugh and grow fat—all serene o',
The Editor, alas! will still remain Lean Oh!

(At this point the office post had to be removed to the padded room.—Ed. P.W.)

SERIAL STORY

The Lost Provinces.

HOW VANSITTART CAME BACK TO FRANCE.

A SEQUEL TO "AN AMERICAN EMPEROR."

By Louis Tracy.

"I have suffered bitter experience and passed through many painful hours. My heart is as sad as though I had again lost my grandfather. But God has ordained it so, and I must bear it, even though I fall under the hand. The post of look-out man on the ship of State has fallen to me. The course remains the old one, and now, 'Full steam ahead!'"
Declaration of the German Emperor, March 22nd, 1890.

SUMMARY.

Jerome K. Vansittart, while in America, receives a message imploring him to return and take his position at the head of affairs; for war has been declared by Germany, and France is unprepared. Arrived in France, Jerome takes the reins of government in his hands and makes preparations for manipulating his forces in the field. France is entered by three German army corps, one by way of Gravelotte, the second at Thionville, and the third, for which the French were unprepared, by way of Saarburg and Alt Munsterol. Vansittart sends General le Breton with 5,000 selected cavalry soldiers, artillerymen, and engineers who destroy all the railroads, telegraph lines, bridges, rolling stock, and stores between Villers and Markirch. Mr. Herbert Fairfax is the Times correspondent. A corpse, supposed to be that of Bitch, a German wine-seller, is found in the Seine; near it is a cap with a pigeon's feather, and in one pocket a piece of card with a 6 or a 9 on it. Follet, the Prefect of Police, takes the matter up. It appears that there are three sisters—Caroline, Jeanne, and Marie—whose uncle on his death left 40,000 francs to the one who first married. Each was engaged to marry Agnes, when he disappeared. Marie, the youngest, who was ill-treated by her elder sisters, falls in love with a man named Armand, who has invented a new destroying machine. Marie seeks Vansittart to tell him of Armand's invention, and is given an audience with Evelyn, Jerome's wife, who induces Vansittart to agree to visit Armand at his house in order to see the invention. Jeanne overhears Marie tell Armand of the appointment, and, fearing that the two young people are married, resolves to revenge herself by divulging the news to the German plotters, and so have Armand and Vansittart killed at the same time. Vansittart is kidnapped as he leaves Armand's house, and is taken to a disused warehouse, where he is placed in a dark room, while the men discuss the situation. The recess happens to be the lift in which Follet has secreted himself, and both men sink to the bottom floor and escape. Vansittart arrives on the banks of the Meuse just as le Breton and Daubisson are in despair at the German Emperor's intended advance on the next day, and takes the initiative against the German armies by throwing a large number of troops across the Meuse and attacking. Daubisson's division, however, is caught between Kreuznach and the German main body, and he sends to Vansittart for help.

CHAPTER XVI. (continued).

ARIZONA Jim had never before seen his master give way in this manner. Up to the present he knew that all had gone well, and he was quite at a loss to guess the cause of Jerome's self abandonment. In some way it was connected with Daubisson. If the latter could be reached before seven o'clock the threatened danger might be averted. He realised fully the certainty there was that the complex route of the wires would not meet the difficulty.

"Guv'nor," he said in a low voice, for Jim, to use his own phrase, was "skinned" by Vansittart's misery, "I figger it out that General Daubisson is not more'n five miles from here as the crow flies."

"Well, what of it?"

"I've just swopped horses, an' I can reach him before seven."

"Impossible, Jim. There are thousands of the enemy between us and him."

"True bill, sir, but they could stop a regiment easier than one man who was in a hurry."

"My friend, do not tempt me. You would lose your life to no purpose."

"Now, look here, boss. Let me run this little show. You are powerful upset, an' you ain't up to your usual form. Scribble out another billy-doo to the old boy, an' I'll clap it into his fist in twenty-five minutes or know the reason why."

It was a gambler's chance, and the millionaire took it. This is what he wrote:

You must hold back Kreuznach until the last man has fired the last cartridge. Pay no heed to operations by German main body. In your case they result from chance. If you hold out until 10 o'clock, and prevent junction, we will win a great victory. If you do not, the cause of France is lost.

Vansittart gave the precious little missive to his faithful follower with the words:

"Jim, if Daubisson does not get that message the game is ended."

Bates smiled. "Cheer up, guv'nor," he cried. "This circus ain't done with yet."

Then he galloped down the hill on his northward ride.

No man ever yet undertook more daring mission. Although he skirted the fighting line he no sooner came within sight of the German position than half-a-dozen Uhlans rode out to cut him off. That was exactly what Bates wanted. His chief danger, to his own mind, lay in infantry fire. One well-directed bullet would lay either himself or his charger low, and then farewell to his hopes of success. As it was, when pursued by horsemen, there was less probability of some German officer ordering a volley to be fired at him.

To the intense astonishment of the Uhlans he rode straight towards them. Believing they had to deal with a lunatic, for of course he wore no uniform, they barely trotted on to meet him, and were hugely surprised when he swerved off at twenty paces' distance and shot two of them in passing.

His object was to gain a small wood, apparently unoccupied, on the crest of the slope up which he was now travelling, and his four pursuers, enraged at the turn taken by events, pressed bit and spur in a furious chase after him.

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With lances at rest, and shouting fierce threats, awe-inspiring by mere reason of their polysyllabic profanity, the troopers thought they could hunt him down within two hundred yards.

But he was better mounted than they, and could have distanced them, had not a fanciful notion suddenly seized him. At first he rejected it with a sense of scorn. But the sight, a mile away, of an entire German division, streaming back along the road leading from the Meuse to Troyon, made him sensible of the moral certainty of capture or death should he attempt to ride through its scattered columns in his present guise.

For Bates could fight in no other costume than the flannel shirt, riding breeches, boots and sombrero of a cowboy, and his strange personality was almost as famous all over the Continent as that of his master. Such a figure could not fail to attract attention, and the success of his mission was the all-important consideration.

So Jim checked his charger's stride, and being now close to the cover of the trees, turned round in the saddle with the laudable intention of "plugging" his would-be captors.

He performed the operation on three of them. The fourth was not above taking a hint, and tried to escape, but Bates never missed within practicable range.

Jim dismounted, divested the biggest Uhlan of his jacket and helmet, the man striving to resist the while though his collar-bone was smashed, and rapidly donned both articles, stuffing his wide-awake hat into a holster. Then he took the trooper's overall to throw across his knees, slung the lance over his left arm, and started at a swinging pace towards the German line of march.

"Reckon I lost three minutes by that deal," growled Jim to himself, "but I had no bloomin' sinch on passing this next crowd without playin' it a bit low down."

His ruse worked admirably. As he neared the retreating Germans he changed direction so as to approach them at a tangent. Few noticed him, and those who did thought him a messenger carrying instructions to some officer in front. He selected a crossing place in front of a temporary jam of ammunition waggons.

Here he unexpectedly came upon a staff officer gazing fixedly in the direction of the conflict raging outside Verdun. Fortunately, the German was sitting motionless on his horse with his back to Bates. Quick as lightning Jim dropped his lance and gave the animal a sharp prod in the hind-quarters. For the next minute the officer had other things to think about than the business and destination of the solitary rider who dashed away into the open.

Bates had now travelled nearly three miles. The pace he had come was telling on his mount, but the charger was a good one, and up to an hour at hunting pace carrying his rider's twelve stone. Troops were scattered all over the country, and Jim kept a sharp look-out ahead in order to follow the most open path.

The volume of firing in front momentarily grew more distinct. The most risky, because most indefinite, part of his venture was now at hand.

Fortune had well aided him up to the present—would she continue to smile to the end?

Others rode forward like himself. Once, when he had just cleared a small body of infantry marching in the same direction, an officer, flying along with eager haste, inclined towards him, obviously with the intention of questioning him. Jim swore quietly, changed the lance to his right hand, and when the other was near enough, hit him such a hearty whack on the back of the head that he tumbled in a heap to the ground.

Some Hamburgers witnessed the act and gave a great shout of amazement as they ran to pick up the officer. But none of them thought of firing at the supposed Uhlan.

At last Bates neared the fighting-line. He had no trouble in riding through the German artillery, which was in position on a ridge. In front, a large force of infantry was deployed, and a thousand yards away, across some meadows and cornland, he could see the blue frockcoats of the French troops dotted irregularly over an extended front.

When he approached the German infantry an officer roared something at him and waved his sword to the right, seemingly indicating that the commander of the brigade was in that direction. Jim promptly inclined to the right, and he at once resolved to imitate the actions of one whose horse has bolted with him.

Dropping the lance, and spurring the willing steed vigorously, he leant back in the saddle and feinted to pull hard at the reins.

No one paid heed to him for a few strides until he was clear in front of the extended troops. A German officer gallantly rode after him to help him, but desisted within a couple of hundred yards, trotting back to his own lines considerably puzzled by the tactics of the bolting Uhlan.

Bates had but one danger left. In the central zone he might be shot by either side, accidentally or otherwise. To help himself with the French he threw off the helmet, jacket, and cloak, and plucking forth his hat, again resumed the characteristic attire by which he was known to the whole French army.

An absolute yell greeted him as he rode through the first companies of infantry that protected Daubisson's right flank. Heading straight for the Colonel of this regiment, the 110th of the line, Jim shouted:

"Where is General Daubisson?"

The officer addressed fortunately understood him and pointed to a farm-house, nearly a mile away, surrounded by dense masses of troops, and a strong division of cavalry.

Something in their disposition told Jim that Daubisson was already preparing for the retreat to Verdun. Glancing at his watch he found that it was three minutes to seven, and he leant forward in the saddle to press his faithful assistant for the last effort of that memorable ride.

The noble animal stumbled and fell, utterly spent, not by the distance but by the pace, as Jim reached the farm inclosure.

Daubisson was there, surrounded by a number of staff officers, to whom he was giving valuable instructions. Some of them turned to go when Bates ran up, but his stentorian shout caused them to halt for a moment.

"Stop!" he roared. "I bring orders from M. Vansittart!"

The name caught every ear, and Daubisson snatched at the note with frantic haste.

As he read his plethoric face became purple. He crumpled it in his right hand and cried to his staff:

"Gentlemen, the retreat is countermanded. The German centre is crushed and on the point of annihilation. It is our pleasant duty to attack Kreuznach with every available man."

Not even military decorum could repress the cries of delight with which the assembled officers greeted this welcome intelligence. Daubisson, whose volatile temperament soon recovered from the implied rebuke of Vansittart's words, although fully conscious of the grave error from which he had been saved, was about to rush off impetuously to see personally to some detail when Bates caught his horse by the bridle.

"No, you don't, old cock," he said. "I want an answer in writing, see sarry, general?"

"All-a-right, all-a-right," cried Daubisson gleefully.

"No it ain't. It's all-a-wrong. Papier, plume. Why the deuce can't you talk English or Spanish—any blessed lingo but one that you spell one way an' jaw another?"

Jim's manner conveyed more than his words, so the General found time to scribble a hasty acknowledgment of the millionaire's message. With this safe in his pocket the gentleman from Arizona went off to look after his horse.

He had given the animal a pail of water and was about to find it some provender when he suddenly burst forth:

"I've got bats in my belfry. I'm like a bloomin' bell punch when the bell don't ring. I'm clean off my trolley in this sort of business."

Running into the house he found some paper and a pencil, and wrote in a big round hand:

Telegraphic M. Vansittart que General Daubisson has received his orders and carried them out.

"The kick-off is fine," mused Jim, "but the second half isn't very French. All the same they'll comprehend better that way than if I chin 'em."

He gave the document to the first officer he met. It happened to be one of the Commander-in-Chief's aides-de-camp, who spoke English.

"It is well thought of, monsieur," he said. "I will place it on the wire at once."

Bates smiled all over his face. "That's the rinky dink," he cried. "When a feller chips in with that sort of song an' dance it takes the blur out of my lenses."

As the aide hurried off to the field telegraph tent he firmly resolved to renew his English reading; he found unusual difficulty in understanding the language, though he spoke it quite well.

Long before noon Count Von Waldersee informed his imperial master that if a wholesale disaster were to be avoided there must be an immediate retreat on Mars la Tour and Gravelotte.

The French infantry had nobly done their work, and the task of harrying the German rear was committed to cavalry and artillery.

Vansittart did not know he was safe until nearly nine o'clock, so long did it take for Daubisson's answer to reach him. About ten, the right bank of the Meuse was cleared of the German troops, and Arizona Jim had no difficulty in returning. Jerome heartily thanked him for his splendid service, but there was little time for talk just then, his attention being devoted to the final movements of fresh troops, in order to compel the evacuation of Troyon by the Germans.

When the issue of the conflict was beyond the domain of doubt, he wrote a telegram to the King giving a brief sketch of the day's proceedings, and warmly eulogising the army.

A second message to Evelyn asked her to bid the Queen be of good heart. All had gone well so far. If fortune vouchsafed them a few more such victories, there would be an end to German aggressiveness for another generation.

Even yet Jerome treated the Queen as the master mind of the royal pair. To Henri he sent the pleasant facts of a victory won, to Honorine he gave the less striking but vastly more important reflections to be drawn from the event.

For Vansittart, even in the fierce joy of the moment, harboured no delusions as to the strategic difficulty of his position.

The Germans were but sullenly retiring on their well-equipped base, to form anew upon positions whence the French could scarce hope to drive them. The victors in that day's combat were separated from their supplies by very reason of the obstacles they had already opposed to the invaders' progress. A swift-flowing river cut them off from reserve transport and commissariat save where precarious pontoons and narrow country roads ill took the place of the solid bridges and railway lines they had destroyed weeks earlier.

A determined rebuff by their opponents might precipitate a catastrophe. Every nerve must be strained to make good a desperate success.

If only this could be achieved, if instead of being driven into the Meuse they could press the Germans back towards Metz, then truly the frenzied jubilation of France at the glad tidings of victory would be justified.

What a sight Paris must present at that moment as the telegrams poured in! By this time the papers had published Vansittart's message to the King! The City of Light would be a city of mad rejoicing. And how fondly would Evelyn carry his words to the Queen!

Well, sufficient for the day was the fight thereof.

An aide-de-camp rode up to announce that the Commander-in-Chief wished to personally escort him to the chateau so unexpectedly vacated by the German Emperor.

In a moment that worthy officer himself lumbered into sight.

Vansittart reined in his horse as Daubisson approached and the two heartily shook hands.

"General," said the millionaire, "we have won a great battle."

Tears sprang into the impulsive Frenchman's eyes. He stammered with difficulty, so intense was his emotion. "You have, monsieur. But believe me. If I cannot emulate you, I will in future obey orders to the death."

CHAPTER XVII.

ENGLAND SAYS "HANDS OFF."

FOLLIET slept for forty-eight hours after Vansittart quitted Paris.

This was his method of mental recuperation. Physically, he was one of those tense, compact personalities that can outlast time and fatigue until the final moment of complete annihilation. But his brain required periods of torpor.

At such periods it refused to act. It gathered renewed force by utter abandonment, and the severe strain of recent events produced such reaction that the Prefect kept to his room for two whole days after the long delayed train steamed out of the Gare de Lyon.

He ate and drank as usual, but had no mind for affairs. At last, as the second night drew on, he felt a craving for a pipe—the first sign of returning sanity. Half-an-hour's quiet smoke, and he thought a book would be a pleasant thing. Ten minutes of a novel and he required a newspaper.

Folliet was himself again.

He asked his servant to bring him an *ECHO DE PARIS*. A single glance at its staring headlines caused him to spring towards his coat and hat.

"Great Battle—Magnificent French Victory—The Germans Routed after Five Hours' Fighting"—these were the stirring phrases that threw light upon his soul.

"Wake up, you dog," he shouted to himself. "Whilst your master works you sleep! See to it that he sleeps in peace."

As he drove to the Prefecture he bought more papers and learnt the full significance of the day's doings. A subordinate quickly informed him of the outcome of the raid at the warehouse.

In all, eighty-seven German conspirators were safe in prison, ten were dead, and six severely wounded.

"How? Ten killed? Did they fight then?"

M. Carot hesitated. "Not exactly, but—"

"Out with it, man. Don't pick your phrases. Say that which first comes to your mind."

"Well, they defended their President and we had to use force."

"Did he escape, then?"

"Oh, no. No one escaped."

"Is he injured?"

"No. He gave them some order in German and they formed an unbreakable ring round him whilst he ate something—some paper, those of our men believe who were nearest."

"Do you mean that men were killed in order to prevent a document falling into our hands?"

"I am sure of it. He chewed the stuff and swallowed it—shouted a command—and in an instant all resistance was at an end."

"It must have been very valuable, this piece of paper?"

"Yes, sir, of the utmost value. I have searched every house, but have found nothing beyond evidence of this particular conspiracy."

"What? You suspect something else?"

"I do. With the President and the leading spirits of the organisation in our hands, I fail to see why such a determined attempt should be made to keep from us any testimony affecting the Pigeon Feather Society."

"Is that their title?"

"No, sir. It was invented by the *Sole*."

"Confound it, man. Has some report of affairs crept into the press?"

"Yes, a correspondent wheedled it out of Jeanne Carhaix under pretence of marrying her for the dowry."

"A thousand thunders! Every rascal in Paris has been warned by this time. See to it, Carot, that the *Sole* correspondent is compelled to marry Jeanne. He will be more than punished."

"Yes, sir."

Although Folliet's tone was light his mind trembled with forebodings. It was quite true of this remarkable man, as he had himself told the Queen, that in criminal investigation he was a human barometer, subject to indistinguishable pressure of gathering clouds.

He reasoned that the President of the German society, knowing full well the extent of the police capture and their tenancy of No. 11 Rue Pigalle, would credit them with complete knowledge of Hans Schwartz and his pigeon-post to and from the frontier.

Under such conditions it was absurd to think that the destroyed paper had any distinct bearing upon the main objects of the conspiracy. There was a plot within a plot, a hidden scheme in which the common members of the society were not allowed to participate.

What did it forebode? Above all, who were its leaders?

Dismissing his coachman, the Prefect of Police walked through the streets to the Palace.

Paris was ablaze with light, tremulous with life.

The war, the victory, Vansittart—these filled every breast. Small groups gathered and each person talked to the rest. Total strangers met and shook hands whilst they uttered phrases of encouragement and congratulation.

Crowds of urchins marched in military fashion singing war-songs; solitary strollers like himself would quicken their pace and join the chorus; a woman, who was repulsed when she strove to embrace a policeman, embraced a lamp-post.

As Folliet neared the palace he became aware that a grand reception was taking place. He quickly decided to

seek the Queen or Madame Vansittart and learn the truth concerning the position on the Meuse. But in his present attire, it was impossible. He must hasten to his residence and don a gorgeous uniform.

Hailing a cab he rattled off towards the Rue de Maubeuge, and, as it chanced, the sartorial peculiarities of court etiquette cost him and France many a troubled hour.

Had he sauntered fifty yards further he would have seen a private carriage, containing two men in evening dress, stop near the kerb.

A blouse-wearing artisan, a tall, truculent fellow darted from the shade of a column, received some message from one of the carriage folk, and hastened off towards the Seine, whilst the vehicle drove on in the direction of the Rue de la Paix.

Not much, this incident, but it would have yielded a whole volume of facts to Folliet.

When at last he entered the brilliant salons of the Tuileries, he quickly found the King.

Henri was intoxicated with the events of the day, but he strove to calm himself as he caught sight of the Prefect.

"Ah, M. Folliet. You must have heard my unspoken thought. Listen carefully, for I have little time to spare. M. Lacontel has been here."

"M. Lacontel!" Folliet's gasp of amazement was justified. Lacontel was one of the long-since fallen ministers, the most dangerous of the many enemies vanquished by Vansittart in his struggle to found the Empire.

"Yes, Lacontel," laughed the King. "I know what you would say, but years work wonders, and Lacontel is now an ardent supporter of the throne. His very mission here to-day proves his faith beyond doubt. He came to urge me to reconstitute the National Guard. Paris will soon be denuded of troops to meet the demand at the front. M. Lacontel thinks that the loyal citizens of Paris should be banded together to protect the—er—to protect the public peace."

"May I ask your Majesty if the police are not competent to do this?"

"Of course; of course. No one spoke of the police. This is a patriotic movement, intended to reinforce the army."

"Surely this is a matter for your Majesty's ministers and not for a discredited trickster like Lacontel?"

"Why, what a suspicious fellow you are," laughed the King uneasily. "Lacontel was an ardent Republican, but he is none the less a true Frenchman."

"Has General Villeneuve approved the proposal, your Majesty?"

"Oh, yes, I told him, and Lacontel spoke to him too. He thinks there is something in it. The project will be promulgated by the War Office, and Lacontel offered his services for organisation. He is great in municipal matters, Lacontel."

"And M. Vansittart?"

"No. I will not have Vansittart worried about such a detail. Why are you so dubious concerning a simple question of self defence?"

"Because, your Majesty, there is nothing to defend in Paris. To-day's battle is a far better safeguard for the capital than another line of fortifications. Because Lacontel is a scoundrel. Because the National Guard has too often proved to be anything but a guard for the King."

This time Henri's merriment was unaffected. "Folliet," he cried, "you are incorrigible. You will be dreaming of barricades next. These German pigeons have built a nest in your brain. Eh? The Duchess de Sainfoin! I must speak to her."

Folliet sought Villeneuve, the Minister for War. The general was emphatic.

"It is a splendid idea, I tell you. The provincials have no heart for fighting. Prosperity has made them flabby. The cities must supply the troops and Paris must lead. I commence mobilisation to-morrow. It is a splendid idea. Yes, I will watch Lacontel, but the fellow is cute, all the same. He looks to this move to rehabilitate himself with the King and Vansittart."

Folliet moved away into the throng. "Which is the stronger," he asked himself—"hate or self-love?" Tried by this summary, Lacontel was either a plotter or a patriot. Or was the situation more complex? Might not the fallen minister gratify his self-love by indulging his hate?

What was to be done? Watch Lacontel, naturally, but here there was no solution. Lacontel, dragged into light by his suggestion, would expect this delicate attention from his old-time foe.

He exchanged a few words with Evelyn, whose joy trembled on the verge of tears. Through all the frenzied jubilation she shivered at the screaming of shells and whistling of bullets which ever thrilled the ears of her soul. These battles meant danger, danger to her husband.

"I would not care," she confessed to the man she regarded as the one friend in that glittering assemblage, "if only I were near him. If I shared the risk I would be happy—I think both of us would be even safer."

Folliet smiled reassuringly. He alone knew the full extent of the peril that environed Vansittart in Paris. The millionaire was a thousandfold more secure in the battlefield than in the Tuileries. So he comforted her and skilfully diverted her thoughts by praising her loved one.

Yet her womanly intuition was more accurate than his keen logic. Evelyn was right. Far better would it have been if she rested that night in the chateau at Troyon than in the seeming security of the royal palace.

Folliet remembered her words afterwards.

It was impossible to gain private audience of the Queen. A bow and a smile were Honorine's recognition of his presence, as, in pursuance of an impulse, he bled him to No. 11 Rue Pigalle.

(To be continued.)

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 19.

ONLY ONE competitor this week made one error in his coupon, and the consolation prize of £25 has, therefore, been forwarded to him. The lucky gentleman is

Mr. W. DOUGHTY,
8 Sefton Road, Ladywood,
Birmingham.

Below will be found the list of prizes won in this competition up to date:

In Competition No. 1 Four Readers get £5 each.			
"	"	2 Five	" " £5
"	"	3 One	" " £1,000
"	"	4 Two	" " £5 each.
"	"	5 Three	" " £5
"	"	6 Four	" " £25
"	"	7 Four	" " £5 5s.
"	"	8 25s	" " 7s. 7d.
"	"	9 One	" " £25
"	"	10 Sixteen	" " £6 5s. each.
"	"	11 One	" " £100
"	"	12 Three	" " £3 6s. 8d. ea.
"	"	13 One	" " £25
"	"	14 Twenty	" " £1 5s. each.
"	"	15 One	" " £25
"	"	16 Seven	" " £3 11s. 6d. ea.
"	"	17 Four	" " £6 5s. each.
"	"	18 One	" " £100

FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

PRIZES OF £1,000, £100, £25.

The Football Clubs named below play on Saturday, March 12th. To the reader who names the correct result of these matches we will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS.

In the event of two or more being correct the money will be divided. If no competitor gives a quite correct solution £25 will be divided among all those nearest. If between now and the close of the football season any one competitor wins the hundred pound prize in full three times, we will make him a further present of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

Every week we shall offer these prizes so long as the interest of our readers is sustained in it, and as often as a prize is won, just so often shall we pay it.

BEFORE MARKING YOUR COUPON, READ THIS.

Competitors who wish to make more than one or two attempts are requested to apply for a sheet of coupons instead of buying several copies of P.W. or the *Athletic Record*, as the latter course considerably complicates our publishing arrangements.

Football Coupon No. 22.

Matches to be played on Saturday, March 12th.

Cross out which you consider will be the losing clubs. For a draw don't cross out either.

- | | | |
|----------------------|---|------------------------|
| 1 Sheffield United | v | 2 Celtic. |
| 3 W. Bromwich Albion | v | 4 Sheffield Wednesday. |
| 5 Hotts Forest | v | 6 Everton. |
| 7 Derby County | v | 8 Preston North End. |
| 9 Bolton Wanderers | v | 10 Weymouth Wm. |
| 11 Newcastle United | v | 12 Luton. |
| 13 Small Heath | v | 14 Grimsby Town. |
| 15 Corinthians | v | 16 Queen's Park. |
| 17 Tottenham Hotspur | v | 18 Millwall Athletic. |
| 19 St. Bernard | v | 20 Hearts. |
| 21 Scotland | v | 22 England (R.U.) |
| 23 Llanelli | v | 24 Liwngypia (R.U.) |
| 25 Newport | v | 26 Gloucester (R.U.) |
| 27 Oldham | v | 28 Bradford (R.U.) |
| 29 Swinton | v | 30 Widnes (R.U.) |

Name

Address

CUT OUT COUPON AND POST TO US UNFOLDED.

In *Pearson's Athletic Record* for Wednesday, March 9th, you will find past performances of the above clubs dealt with, and their comparative chances in these matches discussed.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

1. Coupons may be sent either from P.W. or the *Athletic Record*. In this latter paper will be found valuable hints as to who is likely to win.
2. Nobody must enter for this competition who will not abide by the Editor's final decision.
3. All coupons must reach us not later than Friday, March 11th, first post. Any envelope bearing a postmark later than Thursday, March 11th, will be disqualified.
4. Competitors should cut out the above coupon, score it as directed, put their name and address on the space provided, and send to "FOOTBALL," *Pearson's Buildings*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

For the convenience of those who wish to make more than one attempt we have prepared separate coupons, which we will send by post to applicants at the rate of twenty for a shilling. Those who want them must send postal orders for as many sheets of twenty as they require, and must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Coupons will be sent by return and are made available for any week.

APPLICATIONS FOR COUPONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO C. ARTHUR PEARSON LIMITED, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

A Good Defence.

MAGISTRATE: "You admit that you entered the house of the prosecuting witness by the door at two o'clock in the morning?"
Prisoner: "Yes, your worship."
Magistrate: "What business had you there at that time of night?"
Prisoner: "I thought it was my own house."
Magistrate: "Then why did you, when this lady approached, leap through the window, jump into the cistern, and hide yourself?"
Prisoner: "Your worship, I thought it was my wife."

A Place Easily Found.

A CERTAIN man in high political favour once called at the Foreign Office, and asked the Premier to appoint to a foreign consulate an applicant to whom he was in some way bound, but who was particularly disliked for his persistency in demanding favours.
"Well," said the Premier, "where do you want him sent?"
In the room stood a large globe. The nominee went to it, put one arm round it as far as he could reach, and said:
"I don't know where my finger is, but send him there."
And it so happened that there he was sent.

Beats G. R. Sims' Hair Restorer.

A QUACK, having produced a wonderful hair-invigorator fluid, applied to an editor for a testimonial. He gave it in these terms, calculated, we should think, to convince the most sceptical:
"A little applied to the inkstand has given it a coat of bristles, making a splendid pen-wiper at a small cost. We applied the lather to a twopenny nail, and the nail is now the handsomest shaving-brush you ever saw, with beautiful soft hair growing from the end of it some five or six inches in length."
"Applied to door-steps it does away with the use of a mat. Applied to the floor it will cause to grow therefrom hair sufficient for a Brussels carpet. A little weak lather sprinkled over a shed makes it impervious to the wind, rain, or cold. It is good to put inside children's cradles, sprinkle on the roadside, or anywhere that luxurious grass is wanted for use or ornament. It produces the effect in ten minutes."

"ARE you in pain, my little man?" asked the kind old gentleman.
"No," answered the boy. "The pain's in me."

SHE: "That tenor of ours has a marvellous voice. He can hold one of his notes half a minute."
He: "Faugh! I have held one of his notes for two years."

"WHY do you speak of the girl in this book as a brewery heroine?"
"Well, the novel-writer says she had eyes of a rich, liquid, warm, amber brown."

MOTHER: "George, will you leave off that noise? I've told you to stop until I'm tired of it."
Offspring: "That's just like a woman. If you're tired, why do you keep on telling me?"

"WHEN you employed me you told me I was to be your right-hand man."
"Well, you are, aren't you?"
"Yes; but you didn't tell me you were left-handed!"

"THOSE two football players nearly killed each other yesterday."
"What! Football on Sunday?"
"No; they were playing chess, and thought they were in a scrimmage."

"JOHN is such a goose; he gave dear mamma half-a-dozen silver nut-picks and a pair of nut-crackers."
"Well, isn't that all right?"
"Poor mamma, she has dyspepsia, and hasn't eaten a nut for twenty years."

THE SNAP-SHOT ERA.—He: "Will you give me your photograph?"
She: "I will exchange with you."
He (pressing a button in the head of his walking stick): "Ah, a thousand thanks!"
She (pressing a button in the handle of her fan): "And I thank you ever so much!"

FACTS.

No bird of prey has the gift of song.
THERE is no thunder or lightning within the Arctic Circle.
ABOUT 200 tons of refuse are swept off London streets daily.
THE finest shops in a Chinese city are those devoted to the sale of coffins.
EIGHTY-FIVE per cent. of the people who are lame are affected on the left side.
ON an average every woman carries forty to sixty miles of hair upon her head.
FIVE ounces and a half of grapes are required to make one glass of good wine.
AT a recent American wedding the "Wedding March" was whistled by twelve girl-friends of the bride.
THE roe of the codfish contains more latent living creatures than the whole human population of the globe.
IT has been demonstrated that the voices of women-prompters are more distinct on the stage and are less audible in the auditorium than those of men.
THE marine lamprey's adhesive power is such that 12lb. may be raised without forcing it to loose its hold. It is so tenacious of life that its head remains for hours attached to a stone when its body is severed.

THE wearing of hats in Parliament by the members may be traced back to the time when those who were summoned to legislate, or, rather, to authorise the King to make levies, came in wearing helmets, which were not easily removed.

SEVENTEEN daily and weekly papers are published in the English language in Japan, and over 100 on the Asiatic continent, while in all these countries there is only one German paper, the *Ostasiatische Lloyd*. A weekly German paper is soon to be issued in Japan.

AMONG the Turks bath-money forms an item in every marriage contract, the husband engaging to allow his wife a certain sum for bathing purposes. If it be withheld, she has only to go before the Cadi and turn her slipper upside down. If the complaint be not then redressed, it is a sufficient ground for divorce.

AT the birth of a Japanese baby a tree is planted, which must remain untouched until the marriage day of the child. When the nuptial hour arrives the tree is cut down, and a skilled cabinet-maker transforms the wood into furniture, which is considered by the young people as the most beautiful of all ornaments of the house.

A GERMAN military critic has been adding up the grand total of the Continental armies, and declares that if we could have all the armies of the Continent on a war footing, and drawn up in one long procession, with their guns and ammunition and baggage-waggons, the column would be rather more than 24,000 miles long; and, marching day and night, it would take nearly a year to pass a given point.

IT may not be generally known that German carp can be used as lawn-mowers, but certain fishermen of Havana put a large number of German carp in the upper end of the slough east of Havana to remove the moss before ice-making begins. These fish cut the moss close to the ground, when it sinks and becomes buried in the sediment. They have done the work well, and the firm now have a clear field for ice this winter.

A THEFTY Welshman at one time exhibited himself publicly in England attired in a costume composed from top to toe of rat skins, which he had spent three years and a half in collecting. The dress was made entirely by himself. It consisted of hat, neckerchief, coat, waistcoat, trousers, tippet, gaiters, and shoes. The number of rats required to complete the suit was 570. Most curious of the garments was the tippet, composed entirely of rats' tails.

How many people know that archery used to be a branch of education? In the original deed for the regulation and endowment of Harrow School, dated 1590, it is directed: "You shall allow your child at all times, bows, shafts, bow strings, and bracer." This clause was duly observed, and for a long time it was the custom to hold an annual exhibition of archery, the competitors being attired in bright-coloured satin suits. A flourish of French horns announced every notable hit, and the winner was rewarded at the close with a silver arrow, and escorted home with musical honours, the whole school taking part in the procession.

AND WHAT IS THE NEXT BOOK YOU WANT?

EVERY week we shall give away half-a-dozen books.
All a competitor has to do is to send us one Book Coupon cut from *The Sunday Reader*, one from the *Athletic Record*, and one from *Short Stories*.
Send these to us in one envelope together with a request for any single book in the whole world of literature.
From the applications we receive we shall each week pick out six and send the books asked for.
If you are not successful one week, keep on trying; you are bound to be successful some week.
All applications to be addressed to "BOOKS," Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

And the Best Thing, too.

THE teacher of a school of city arabs in Glasgow, after expounding to his class the parable of the good Samaritan, put the following questions:
"What would you do if you saw a man or a woman lying in the street or road, wounded and bleeding, like the traveller described in the parable?"
The question seemed a puzzle, and no answer was given. At last the teacher, addressing a bright-eyed urchin, said:
"What would you do, Archie?"
Archie, thus directly addressed, promptly replied:
"I would rin for the bobby."

Why Rain Falls in the Streets.

LITTLE DOT: "I don't like to stay in the house like this. What makes it rain so hard?"
Careful Mamma: "So that the grass can grow and the flowers come out, dear."
"Does the angels send down all this wet just for the grass and flowers?"
"I suppose so."
"Well, what do they slosh it all over everything for? There isn't any flowers in the streets."
"It can't be helped, I suppose."
"P'raps they are servant angels, and used to washing windows."

A Matter-of-Fact Girl.

"IRENE, hear me one moment longer."
The speaker was a young man with wildly appealing look and inchoate moustache.
"Irene," he continued, "if all the wealth of devotion that moved Leander to swim to Hellespont, that burned the breast of Abelard, inspired the muse of Robert Burns to its loftiest flight, sent the blood pulsing through the form of Galatea at the bidding of Pygmalion, and carolled forth in the immortal songs of Tom Moore—if the aggregate affection of Solomon for his thousand wives was concentrated upon one beloved object, the whole would feebly represent the emotion with which you have inspired me. Since I have known you, Irene, life has had but one purpose, one aim. Heaven itself would be—"
"Peter," interrupted the fair girl, regarding the impassioned youth with conflicting emotions eloquently depicted on her speaking face, "I wish you wouldn't patronise twopenny hairdressers. I can't endure the smell of cheap bay-rum."

HINT TO WIVES.—When your husband goes out between acts to see a man, have some nice man drop into his vacant seat to see you.

MRS. HOLLAN: "O! say, Mrs. Johnson! Have you seen Annie's new baby? It's a peach."
Aunt J.: "No; but they ought to be thankful 'tain't a pair."

SHE: "Mushrooms consist of about 90 per cent. of water."
He: "That accounts for your friend saying she sailed into them, I suppose."

ETHEL: "Pa, is it love that makes the world go round?"
Pa (lured to a bachelors' supper overnight, sadly): "No, dear, not always."

"OH, William," exclaimed Mrs. Newed, "baby has cut another tooth."
"And now I suppose I will have to take my bicycle away to have another puncture repaired."

FIRST party observes second ditto eyeing his umbrella and summarily stops the suspicious proceedings thusly:
"You handle that umbrella; you touch that umbrella; you even look at that umbrella, and I'll cram it down your throat and then open it!"

"I THOUGHT you told me your Cockney cousin was such a plain-spoken man—that he always called a spade a spade."
"Well?"
"Well, I find he doesn't. He calls it a spyde."

CRIMSONBEAK: "There's a new disease on the market."
Yeast: "What's that?"
"Nugget dyspepsia."
"Have you got it?"
"Oh, no! But they have it out at Klondyke, from eating gold nuggets."

THE MAGAZINE.

Slightly Mixed.

I SEE it reported that the troops stationed at Colchester Garrison were a few Sundays ago marched to church to the inspiring strains of "The Good Rhine Wine," an earnest temperance advocate preached a good sermon in support of the cause of sobriety, and on the men marching back to barracks, after having been formed up outside the church at the close of the service, the regimental band struck up the ever-popular garrison tune of "Beer, Glorious Beer."

The Story of a Coal Box.

A CERTAIN barracks was in the middle of November last taken over by a certain B.A. company, who found in the cook-house a dilapidated coal box which was not on the barrack schedule, and for this reason was returned to the barrack store. For a time, there being no receptacle for the coal required for cooking purposes, it was shot down on the floor and stored in a corner. Presently, the eagle eye of the officer commanding the district discovered the omission of the necessary coal box and reported upon it; a voluminous correspondence ensued, with the result that eventually the Royal Engineers appeared upon the scene and speedily transformed two recesses in the cook house into bunkers; but the matter did not rest here; a Board of Survey duly assembled and sat upon the unoffending coal box, and decreed that it should forthwith be broken up, which was done in due course. This is a fair specimen of how the money goes, and why our Army costs so much to maintain.

The Choice of a Regiment.

IN the forthcoming Army estimates it is to be hoped that room will be found for one small innovation, or to be correct, the renewal of a now obsolete regulation in regard to recruiting, which would be most acceptable to many young fellows with a desire for becoming soldiers, but who are at present debarred from doing so by the fact that the choice of any one particular regiment in the cavalry is denied them. As I have before explained, men enlisting for our cavalry do so for one or other of the divisions of that service, that is they can enlist for service in Lancers, Dragoons, or Hussars, but suppose a recruit has an ambition to join the Scots Greys and no other cavalry corps, he cannot rest assured that his desire will be fulfilled, or even supposing he is in the first instance posted to the regiment he selects he is liable subsequently to be transferred to another of the same type, which is what he does not want.

Great emphasis is at all times laid on the good effect of *esprit de corps*, but it seems difficult to encourage this when at the outset a recruit finds a difficulty in joining some particular regiment he has set his heart on.

Esprit de Corps.

MILITARY writers, in conjunction with officers commanding regiments, or "those in authority under them," are never tired of expatiating on the advantages derived to our Army by the maintenance of the one quality which has always had, and always must have, so marked an influence upon our soldiers, viz., *esprit de corps*. But there are different ways of looking at the matter. As a general rule, *esprit de corps* consists in one regiment considering itself better than any other, and trying to out-do each other in every way.

Far be it from me to appear to discountenance any idea of healthy rivalry, either as regards smartness in drill in times of peace, or the display of gallantry in actual campaigning, but it is quite possible to go a step too far.

The truest and best form of *esprit de corps* is that which consists in the desire entertained by all ranks of a regiment, to keep up the traditions of the regiment to which they belong, and not only to keep up the traditions, but to add to them by good conduct and honourable behaviour.

Independent Firing.

DURING last year the War Office gave orders for 30,000 gross of buttons.

In the aggregate not sixty per cent. of our cavalry men are provided with horses.

The keep of a cavalry horse in the British Army is estimated at about 10s. per week.

I see it stated that the average length of service of a draft of men of the Royal Irish Rifles, which sailed a fortnight ago for Natal, was but little over four months!

It is anticipated that considerably more than the usual number of Army commissions will be given this year in consequence of the large number of officers that have been selected for service in Egypt and the Colonies. It is to be hoped that some of the vacancies will be filled by non-com. officers, a number of whom have their names noted for some time past for such promotion.

Complaints are often made as to the food served out to men on board hired troopships being otherwise than it should be, and another grievance has latterly come under my notice. Whereas formerly a pint of beer or porter per man used to be issued daily to troops on board ship, in at least one troopship not only has this privilege been stopped, but the men are unable (except surreptitiously) to obtain any alcoholic refreshments, even at their own expense. This seems an unnecessarily hard regulation.

Do Our Schools Lead to the Mad House?

SOME REMARKABLE EXPERIMENTS MADE UPON
YOUNG SCHOOL CHILDREN.

SEEN and questioned by P.W., a school authority recently unboomed himself in this way:

"In answer to your inquiry, I am rather afraid that the youthful student of to-day is being taxed beyond the limit of endurance. I have privately investigated into the question of mental fatigue of school-children, and the results of my inquiries, in so far as regards our Board schools, have not proved satisfactory.

"How were the experiments carried out? Children were given various small mental tasks of equal difficulty, such as counting the number of letters on a page; memorising rows of numbers, syllables, and words; continuous adding of simple numbers; solving simple problems and similar work, all to be done in a certain time and dropped at a given signal.

"In other tests four rows of simple problems in arithmetic were placed before a number of school children. All of them had solved the same problems before. They worked a certain number of minutes, and rested a certain number, then worked and rested again, and so on, the work for each interval being compared with that of the others.

"Another simple test was to require the subjects to draw straight lines two or three inches long, and afterwards to divide them into a given number of equal parts free hand. You must know that the fatigued brain cannot discriminate distances nearly so accurately as the brain which is fresh and rested.

"Devices, such as colour wheels, were used to produce colours of varying tints, shades, and tones. It was noted whether the youngsters were more lively in their discrimination of the various tints after and before the brain had rested.

"Infantile deafness, or apparent hardness of hearing is greatly increasing, too, among hard-worked school children.

"How is that? Well, I attribute it to a careless habit children fall into, after their brain has been at work during school hours, and they are fatigued and worn-out, of paying little or no attention to what is said to them. These experiments resulted also in the discovery that delicate children, besides giving evidence of possessing all the elements tending to the inception of nervous diseases, are liable to be afflicted with colour blindness, increased in a more or less severe form through mental fatigue.

"Averages? Well, we have arrived at the conclusion that fatigue begins to be felt at the end of an hour of steady brain work by older students, and after a much shorter interval of similar application by younger ones. The brain of a child between eleven and twelve appears to become tired after about thirty-five minutes of work. In younger children the limit is considerably less. Boys tire sooner than girls.

"It is easy to account for the brain troubles of children. Concentration of the mind induces in marked cases disturbance of the mental equilibrium, and whether the attack thus made upon the juvenile constitution is severe, or only partially severe, depends upon the child's physical resistance to the breakdown.

"If the child be strong the result probably may not be calamitous, but under opposite conditions it must be obviously so.

"Take school examinations. The number of 'passes' in the majority of Board schools is in many cases insignificant compared with the brain worry the little ones have had to endure in their preparation for the ordeal of the expected or unexpected school inspection. But failing memory is in nowise to be connected with lack of knowledge. In nine cases out of ten failure to 'pass' is the result of brain fatigue.

"Nothing can shake my conviction that cramming is injurious. Why are so many school children thin-blooded? A series of tests has been made by a specialist proving that in young children too much study actually causes impoverishment of blood.

"An elastic tube placed around the chest registered each expansion and each contraction on a cylinder of record paper, the device being somewhat similar to that used in many hospitals for working the pulse. Subjects were attached to the instrument while thinking of nothing in particular; and then, afterwards, while concentrating their minds upon some problem or reading. In almost every case concentration caused the breathing to grow slower, and the blood for the time being thus received less oxygen, and was therefore greatly impoverished.

"A child who is bored at school, or taught too much there, that is, over-worked by a variety of multifarious lessons, generally sleeps badly, talks in his sleep, has headaches, is irritable, though quick in mind and affectionate. His left hand now and again involuntarily shakes; he usually holds his head over to the right; he is restless; his eyes move from side to side, rather than up or down; his fingers twitch, and he cannot hold his tongue still when he protrudes it. These are the principal manifestations recording the indisputable fact that your child is over-fatigued from his lessons; that his brain is disturbed, and that it is obviously your duty to let the boy rest; otherwise he is qualifying for the degree of insanity."

CLERK: "Our cashier has run away to America with £2,000."

Merchant: "Confound that man Columbus!"

DESDEMONA DAVIS (bursting into tears): "It's too bad of him. He knows that I love him, and yet—"

yet—"

Amelia Emerson: "Yet what?"

Desdemona Davis: "He lets me flirt with anyone I wish to, and doesn't say a word."

DINKLEBAUM: "Vat's der matter, Jacobs? You vorrit?"

Jacobs: "Vorrit? S'hellup me gracious; I am nearly grazy. I have now no chance to make a brofitable investment mit mein shop no more. I schen yesterday gets mine stock insured for double its value undt the landlord goes undt lets der vloor above to a fire extinguisher concern, undt der basement for a schwimmin' school."

"Pearson's Weekly" Railway,
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487 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID

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ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger within the limits of Great Britain and Ireland (including holders of season and excursion tickets and Post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans), or One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of Pearson's Weekly may decide to be Next-of-Kin of any Football Player or Cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually playing football or riding a cycle, as the case may be, provided the Insurance at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death, in either case, occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address, within three days of its occurrence. These conditions are the essence of the contract. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890, Rules No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

W.M.—Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription to PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their agent, or to the publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the same on their person. It is only necessary to forward the agent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

114 BURGLARY CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

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Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation,
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Head Offices: 40 to 44, MOORGATE ST., LONDON, E.C.

COUPON COVERING LOSS OF £20

BY BURGLARY OR HOUSEBREAKING.

The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, will pay the Householder of any occupied private Dwelling-house in the United Kingdom (the rateable value of which is over £15 in Urban Districts and over £10 in Rural Districts) the value of any ordinary household goods (other than coins, money, or securities of any kind) lost through Burglary or Housebreaking, with forcible entry, up to the amount of £20, provided the current and two previous weeks' issues of Pearson's Weekly with the Coupons signed in ink with the usual signature of the Claimant (such Coupons being so signed prior to the time of the Burglary or Housebreaking taking place), be sent with notice of claim, which must be reported to the Corporation as above, within 48 hours of its occurrence. Provided also that evidence of the regular and previous purchase of the current and two previous weeks' issues of the paper be given; also that satisfactory proof of the Burglary or Housebreaking, and of the loss and value of the goods, and every particular required by the Corporation be furnished to them. For the purposes of this Coupon an occupied dwelling-house shall be deemed to be a house in which there was, at the time of the Burglary or Housebreaking being committed, at least one adult, such adult being legally on the premises, and using the premises as his or her ordinary place of abode, or a responsible person placed in charge of the premises by the said Householder. No claim is paid where any member of Householder's family, servants, or other inmates of house are in any way concerned. No more than one Coupon from this paper can be claimed under by any one Householder. In other respects this Coupon carries the benefits of, and is subject to the conditions of, the ordinary Burglary Policy of the Corporation.

The coupon to be signed will be found on the front page of this paper.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £1000 RAILWAY INSURANCE, of the BURGLARY INSURANCE, and also of the FOOTBALL and CYCLING INSURANCE, has been paid up to March 31st, 1898, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS, and against Fatal Football and Cycling Accident, and against Burglary, under the conditions named in the notices above.

General
Manager for
the Ocean
Accident and
Guarantee
Corporation
Ltd.

Richd. S. Faull

The readers to whom Burglary Insurance claims have been paid this week: Mr. T. J. Death, 32, Wellington Road, Peckham, S.E. Mr. J. Cuddiford, 71, Beaumont Street, Elswick; Mr. F. J. Rowe, 8, Chapel House Street, Millwall.

Washee, Washee!

WASHING day at home is always detested by the male portion of the household, yet it is a necessary inconvenience which cannot be surmounted. It is interesting, however, to learn how the women in the Far East get over the difficulty.

The hardest worked washerwomen in the world are the Koreans. They have to wash all their husband's suits, and inasmuch as every man wears pantaloons or drawers so baggy that they would come up to his neck, like those of a clown, they have plenty to do.

The washing is usually done in cold water, and often in running streams. The clothes are pounded with paddles until they shine like a shirt front fresh from a French laundry.

The Japanese rip their garments apart for every washing, and they iron their clothes by spreading them on a fat board and leaning this up against the house to dry. The sun takes the wrinkles out of the clothes, and some of them have quite a lustre.

The Japanese woman always does her washing out of doors. Her wash-tub is not more than 6in. high, and is about as large as the average pudding-dish. She gets the dirt out of the clothes by rubbing them between her hands. She sometimes uses Japanese soap, which is full of grease, and works away on her bare feet.

The Chinese girls do their washing in much the same way.

The pretty, short-haired beauties of Siam wear their gowns when bathing in the big river, and wash them while taking their bath. When they have finished, they get up the steps of their floating houses, and, wrapping a clean sheet round their bodies, they slip off the wet clothes and wring them out to dry.

The washing in Egypt is usually done by the men. The Egyptian washerman stands naked on the banks of the Nile, and slaps the wet clothes with a noise like the shot of a pistol on the smooth stones at the edge of the running water; and such fellah women as wash pound the dirt out of their clothes in the same way.

THE chainless bicycle is here, but alas! so is the moneyless pocket-book.

HE: "I feel quite sure that we shall go to the Paris Exposition in 1900."

SHE: "Why do you say 'we'?"

HE (coolly): "Because I expect that you will say 'Oh!'"

SHALL WE MAKE A MINIATURE FOR YOU?

WITH the enterprise born of repeated success, *Pearson's Weekly* makes an extraordinary offer to the whole of its readers for a limited time only. We will send a beautiful little miniature (about 2½-inches by 1½-inches) in exquisite colouring, and completely framed in a dainty gold-plated oval frame, of any single portrait readers like to forward.

All you have to do is to send your photograph, together with the coupon, and seven shillings and sixpence. The miniatures may be also had in chased gold ornamental frames, the total cost being 10s. 6d.

Of course, the better the photograph you send, the better will be the reproduction.

Write your name and address on the back of the photograph, and mark your envelope "MINIATURE."

Specimens of the Miniatures can be seen at:

MANCHESTER—Messrs. Abel Heywood, Oldham Street; and Mr. John Heywood, Deansgate.
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GLASGOW—W. Love, 221, Argyle Street; and Mr. Barr, 88, Sanchialhall St.
DUNDEE—Mrs. Littlejohn, The Pillars.
BRADFORD—W. H. Clough, 28, Forster Square.
BRISTOL—T. Thatcher, 44, College Green.
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Name

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Colour of eyes

" " hair

Complexion

Description of dress

Please send..... @ 7s. 6d. }

" " @ 10s. 6d. }

Amount of Postal Orders inclosed... £ s. d.

Books with Pretty Covers.

EMBROIDERED book covers are decidedly one of the crazes of fashionable life at the present time. Thus does the wheel of time in its revolution bring back a custom which a few centuries ago—before bookbinding had come to its great position, or had been discarded by the present cheapness—was in the ascendant.

Anyone who is interested in these covers may see examples of embroidery-covered books at the British Museum, among them being one which was owned by a lady who lived in the fourteenth century, and in spite of the fact that over 600 years have passed since then, it is not nearly so faded as might be expected, the silk retaining much of its original colour.

In the next century, gold and silver thread was largely employed in the making of these embroidered book covers, and to-day all sorts of materials are used.

If you are so minded, you may employ brocade or velvet, satin or silk, linen or canvas, and use either wool, or silk, or gold, or silver thread for the tracing out of the design, which may be, however, heightened by the use of spangles, or even more precious materials.

The making of embroidered book covers, indeed, may be seen in many of the different Needle Work Schools, and not a few covers have been made at the Royal School of Art Needle Work in Kensington.

The idea is an exceedingly pretty one, for the works of favourite authors can be put into bindings of a character which no one would be able to purchase, thus giving a distinction both to the book and its owner, or an embroidered book cover might be used for keeping the book which is being read at the moment, thus making it a distinctly artistic object, and adding to the decoration of the room and the home.

In any case these embroidered book covers may be substituted for other gifts with great advantage, for there is no one who reads who is not delighted to have such a covering for his book, and it could be made exceedingly personal by embroidering the initials or monogram of the person for whom it is intended, the name in full, or even the coat-of-arms and motto of the family.

"DEAR me," said Flossie to Angelina, "her parent's must be awfully displeased with her engagement to that musician. It is even worse than I thought."

"Why do you think so?"

"They used to speak of him as a violinist. Now they say that he plays the fiddle!"

The Kind That's all Dye DIAMOND DYES

Brilliant! Durable! Economical!

Diamond Dyes excel all others in Strength, Purity and Fastness. No others are just as good. Beware of adulterated dyes, because they are made of cheap and inferior materials, and give poor, weak, smudgy colours. To be sure of success, use only the Diamond Dyes for colouring Dresses, Stockings, Feathers, Ribbons, Yarns, &c., &c.

It's easy to dye with

DIAMOND DYES

Dyes heavy as well as light fabrics.

We warrant them to colour more goods, package for package, than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colours. Ask for the Diamond Dyes, and take no other. Sold everywhere, 3d. and 6d. per packet.

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It
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ESTAB. 23 YEARS.
Have you a Cough?
A DOSE WILL RELIEVE IT.
Have you a Cold?
A DOSE AT BEDTIME WILL REMOVE IT.
Try it also for
Whooping-Cough, for Asthma,
for Consumption, for Bronchitis.

"I am writing to say that your Lung Tonic has been very beneficial to me, and I should like you to publish the same, so that friends in the musical profession may be cognizant of the fact."—Arthur Melville (Baritone), Wellcley Road, Colchester.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Owbridge's Lung Tonic

BE SURE YOU GET IT.

"Your Lung Tonic was recommended to me some years ago, and I have used it ever since. I keep it in the house, and upon the first symptoms of a cold or cough, commence taking it, and invariably find they disappear."—A. J. SMITH, 25, Calderon Road, Leytonstone.

For outward application, instead of
poultices, use
OWBRIDGE'S EMBROCATION.
It is much safer, more effective,
and less troublesome.

Prepared by
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Sold everywhere in bottles, at 1s. 1½d.,
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HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Never Wash Macaroni, for the cooking water dissolves and removes everything undesirable.

Meat which is fresh killed and those parts that are naturally hard and tough may be made tender by soaking for a few minutes in vinegar and water previous to cooking.

To Restore the Colour of Carpets. Dissolve a tablespoonful of ammonia in a gallon of warm water, moisten the surface with this, but do not make very wet. Rub dry at once with clean soft dusters.

Lambs' Trotters are very good, if stewed for several hours till the bones slip out, without having to break the skin. Stuff these with veal forcemeat, tie into shape, stew slowly for twenty minutes, and allow to get cold. Brush with beaten egg, dip into breadcrumbs, and fry to a delicate brown. (Reply to DIJON.)

Remove Old Wall Paper in this way: Wet the paper all over two or three times a day with a damp cloth. When the paper is made quite wet in this way it is easily peeled off. If the walls are to be re-papered, wash them first with strong soda water, to which have been added a few drops of carbolic acid. The latter is a strong purifier and disinfectant. (Reply to DORA.)

Frumety or Fermity, for which you are anxious to find a recipe is made as follows: Boil a quarter of a pint of wheat, which should first be well baked, in water for three or four hours, then add one quart of milk mixed with a tablespoonful of flour, three eggs, a small cupful of raisins, a little lemon peel or nutmeg. Boil all together for quarter of an hour, while stirring, and serve. (Reply to ADELAIDE, N.W.)

All Closed Bookcases, if the room or house damp, should be opened for a few hours constantly on dry days. During this time, if possible, have both door and windows open. Some people keep a small cardboard box, filled with lime, behind the books on each shelf; the box must be secured carefully in position, for if the lime be spilt it will not improve the books. (Reply to LINCOLNSHIRE GIRL.)

Colcannon is made from equal quantities of potato and greens, and you will find those left over from dinner will do capitally. Press all moisture from the greens, and chop very finely. Mash the potatoes, mix all together, add a good piece of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Form the whole into a ball, set in a greased basin covered with browned breadcrumbs. Place in the oven for twenty minutes, then turn carefully on to a hot dish and serve. (Reply to EVE.)

Mock Melon. Scald a pint of new milk, add sugar to taste, and pour on to two tablespoonfuls of cornflour wetted with cold milk. Stir all together, return to the stew-pan and cook till it thickens; add two thoroughly beaten eggs, and cook slowly for five minutes more, stirring, of course, all the time. Grease a melon-shaped mould, and scatter grated lemon rind over it. Flavour the custard slightly with lemon essence, turn into the mould, and set aside to cool. Turn out to serve, and garnish with preserved ginger.

Are you Making your Washing Blouses yet? If so, I have a word to say to you. You are, I dare say, a trifle tired of the somewhat hackneyed style with a yoke back and full front buttoning down the centre, but for want of variation you are making your new blouses in the same way. It is indeed hard to find a really simple style, for a fussy shirt is not to be contemplated. I have been lucky, however, in securing a model for you (No. 6159), and any reader who likes to send me 3d. can have it post-free. It is certainly up-to-date in one respect; it fastens on the left. It is made with a seam down the centre-front, and all superfluous fulness is drawn into the waist. The sleeves are of the bishop shape, slightly modified to suit the mode of the moment, and the linen collar and cuffs worn with the blouse are made to button on separately. For an everyday bodice of woollen material, this design would not be inappropriate, for it is both neat and becoming.



Never Iron Black Stockings, for the heat rapidly. Always dry coloured stockings in the shade.

When Cleaning Fresh Water Fish do not let it lie in water, for it is very apt to become soft and flabby.

In Making Sauces the cook should always stir thoroughly with a wooden spoon from the bottom of her pan, or the sauce will be lumpy. (Reply to JIM.)

Mutton Pudding. If mutton be freed entirely from fat and mixed with two or three sliced kidneys and a little chopped parsley, it makes an excellent pudding. Make it as you would a beef steak pudding.

Persons Suffering from Cramp in Bed have found great relief from wearing on each leg a garter of wide tape, which has several slices of cork (cut from a wine bottle cork) stitched on to it. (Reply to ALPHONSE.)

Baked Sole is a good invalid's dish. Take one lemon sole, fillet it; take each fillet, roll it round and stand on a baking-tin covered with well buttered paper, squeeze a few drops of lemon over each fillet, and sprinkle with cayenne pepper. Cover the tin with a buttered paper, place in a slow oven and bake for a quarter of an hour. Serve with melted butter, and garnished with slices of fresh lemon.

This Tooth Powder will, I think, answer your purpose as well as what you are using and find expensive. Finely powder three ounces of cuttlefish, half an ounce of cream of tartar, and half an ounce of orris root (powdered). Mix. Pass all twice through a fine wire sieve, and then add eight drops of tincture of myrrh. Keep closely corked. Personally I find a tooth-powder with some cuttlefish in it is best for the removal of the tartar. (Reply to TORTOISE.)

Onion Soup. Pare and slice ten large onions, and fry till a nice brown colour, then put into a sauce-pan with five quarts of boiling stock and water, add half a pound of bread crusts, pepper and salt to taste. Next add three large carrots and one stick of celery, all cut small, and let the whole boil steadily for two hours. Just before the soup is to be served thicken it with flour worked into a paste with cold water, and two beaten eggs. While the soup is making stir it constantly. I have given you large proportions, as you wish to take basins of this soup for supper, and your party is a large one. (Reply to LONSDALE.)

Mixed Spice. This is the recipe which I gave my readers some time ago. I am glad that you agree with me in saying it is superior to any that can be bought ready ground and mixed. You should paste your pet recipes into a book in future, and you would then always have them at hand. Recipe: One ounce of allspice, one ounce of cassia buds, quarter of an ounce of cloves, one ounce of ginger, four blades of mace, two nutmegs, and half an ounce of cinnamon. Grind all these in a spice mill, pass twice through a fine sieve, and place in tins for use. (Reply to LEEDS.)

An Excellent Dish from Cold Meat. Mince the meat, add a little onion, thyme, and cayenne pepper. Put the above ingredients into a stew-pan with sufficient gravy to cover them, dredge a little flour over, and allow all to get hot but not to boil. Cover the bottom of a small dish with breadcrumbs, lay part of the meat on them, again cover it with breadcrumbs, lay on the rest of the meat, pour into the dish as much gravy as it will hold, and cover the whole thickly with breadcrumbs. Beat one egg and pour over the top, place the dish in a steady oven, and when it looks a nice brown it is sufficiently done. The gravy is made by boiling down the bones. Potatoes may be used instead of breadcrumbs if preferred.

The Bath Sponge is a very important article of one's bedroom and often gets scant attention, and with what result? It is disagreeable to touch, and has a nasty close smell. To have a sponge in perfect condition, it must be kept quite free from soap, so always rinse it after using soapy water. Have a string run through the sponge so that it can always be hung on to a nail on the window sill or in some other airy position. Sea-water has an excellent effect on a sponge, so those who live on the coast should let it soak in sea-water occasionally. When a sponge has become dirty, if you do not care to invest sixpence in a well known sponge powder, procure a pennyworth of salts of lemon, set it in a wash-hand basin, and half fill with boiling water. Throw into this the dirty sponges, and let soak till cold, pick them up and throw into clean hot water, squeeze out and rinse thoroughly and then dry in the air. A sponge that has a little attention daily will always be in excellent condition and not require the above treatment. (Reply to H. T.)

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CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD.

On account of the enormous size of our paper pattern business, we have introduced into our cutting department all the latest labour-saving appliances known to the scientific world, with the result that our patterns, which are the best in every way, are cut at a minimum cost. We are willing that our readers should share in this economy, so we offer the patterns at half price, viz.: Bodices, 3d.; Skirts, 4d.; Costumes, 6d.; Coats and Skirts, 7d.; etc., etc. The quality of the patterns is as good, or even better than ever.

To Soften the Skin of a Fur Rug put a little vaseline on the hands and rub the skin and work it till it softens. This will not be done all at once.

Have Drains Tested at least once a year, for a very slight defect may cause illness, and consequent heavy expense. The trifling fee for testing drains is always money well invested.

To Keep the Air Moist in the room where the gas-stove is used always have a jar of boiling water on the stove. Most stoves are made so as to hold a vessel of water, which should always be kept full. (Reply to COTTONOPITAN.)

Pads for Stair Carpets may be made at home quite easily and will greatly lengthen the wear of the carpet. Take shrunken, half worn blankets, scatter with pepper, and sew up into flat pads with thin unbleached calico. The pads should be as long as the carpet is wide and five inches across. The pepper is most useful in keeping away the ruthless moth.

Bits of Soap in the Kitchen are apt to be wasted, and this is not right. Boiled soap should be used for washing flannels, and a separate tin sauce-pan kept for the preparation of it. Throw every piece of soap, when it is too small for scrubbing, into this utensil, and on the washing day shave it up, cover with soft water, and boil till clear. There is also a patent utensil for using up pieces of soap—it is a box of wire net with a long stick attached. The pieces of soap are placed in this, and if shaken in a pan of water will produce strong soap-suds, without the slightest waste. (Reply to DAVIS.)

Hints on Nursery Diet. Let the bread be always twenty-four hours old and be well baked—farinaceous foods be well cooked—rice and other puddings of that kind should always be cooked slowly for three hours. The mainstay of the nursery diet is new milk, so be lavish with it. Bread and milk should be prepared by warming both together, and should never be made very sweet. Sardines are good for the little folks, and even from the box will be eaten with relish on bread, and very nourishing food this is. The best fruits for children are (cooked) apples and prunes, strawberries and grapes. It is a fatal mistake to let children eat at all times, but there is no doubt that they require more constant feeding than adults. Never force children to eat when they are disinclined, or to eat food, such as fat meat, which is repugnant to them. Cabbage properly boiled, chopped very fine, made hot with a little butter, is perhaps the best of all common vegetables for the nursery.

Isobel

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1898. JAN.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.
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Don't!!

Don't allow yourself to be tormented with a disagreeable taste in your mouth in the morning, or sour rising from the stomach.

Don't neglect your inodorous breath, nor the unpleasant mucus that collects on your teeth.

Don't allow your System to fall so out of gear that you have giddiness, or that the blood rushes to your face when you put on your shoes.

Don't let your health run down so that instead of aptitude for the day's work or pleasure, you have a heavy, tiresome feeling of weariness or languor, rendering occupation or movement painful and disagreeable.

Don't allow your food to collect in the Stomach, thereby causing you to feel as if dragged down by weights in your Intestines.

Don't allow yourself to become costive so as to make your Blood impure.

Don't allow the harsh, dry, so-called consumptive Cough, with its tough, green mucus, and its consequent expectoration, to set in, and add you to the thousands of victims already claimed.

Don't omit, if you have allowed these things to fasten upon you, to take Guy's Tonic at once, lest otherwise you grow worse and suffer more severely.

Don't be foolish because your illness seems slight, and therefore neglect it.

Don't procrastinate and put off taking Guy's Tonic until to-morrow, whereas you ought to begin to-day, but have faith, cast prejudice aside, and this great vegetable curative will do for you what it has done for tens of thousands of others. It will restore your Appetite, purify your Blood, invigorate the Liver, cleanse the Intestines, and give tone, strength, and elasticity to your whole System.

Don't neglect to prove the worth of Guy's Tonic, for it is both the cheapest and best medicine in the world. Try it; by so doing you save many a weary, aching, or uncomfortable day of distress.

Don't Overlook the Proof.

"14 Mander Street, Wolverhampton.
"About a month ago I sent for one of your books ('The Guide to Digestion'), and after reading it carefully, I thought 'I would give Guy's Tonic a trial, not having much faith in it, as I have tried so many things. I have been suffering for two years with Poor Blood and from Liver Complaint. I have gone to a skeleton, and look as yellow as if I had Jaundice. But I have taken Guy's Tonic, and feel better already than I have felt for twelve months. I also enjoy my meals now, and that is what I never used to do."
"M. HUTCHINSON."

Don't Have Pains Like This:

"45 Cromwell Street, Paisley Road, West Glasgow.
"My Wife has been a great sufferer for a long time from Liver Complaint and Pains in the Stomach. When those pains used to come you would think she was going to die. I tried almost everything. Mr. Lamb sent for one of your books, and I got hold of it. I got a bottle of Guy's Tonic on Sunday night, and before my Wife took the last three doses the pains had left her, and not returned. She is improving greatly."
"JOHN WARMINGTON."

Two Books Free.

And if you write to Guy's Tonic Co., 12 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W., naming *Pearson's Weekly*, they have a little book, entitled, "Guy's Guide to Digestion," which will much interest you to read and give you a good deal of valuable information. You may learn What to Eat and What to Avoid, and how long each article takes to digest and how much easier all Food is digested when Guy's Tonic is taken after meals. A little book has just been printed containing "Two Hundred Brief Letters" of telling Testimony from grateful users of Guy's Tonic. These people tell how they obtained relief and cure from Indigestion, Biliousness, Sick-headache, Sluggish Liver, and kindred Ailments. These little books will be sent to you post free on application, and will afford you the most positive proof of the merits of Guy's Tonic, which, by-the-way, is sold by all Chemists.

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EACH SQUARE WILL PRODUCE

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White Cream, Rose, and Water. One yard, two sides and bottom, 1yd. long, 1/2yd. wide. May also be had by the yard, 1/2yd. wide, lined both sides, 1/2yd. per yard. Sample Book of Colours and Figures sent on approval. Also Book of Lace Curtains, Border Blinds, Heavy Drapes, Art Seren, &c. Patterns sent on approval. Write for it to S. Chivers and Sons, Fruit Farm Factory, Histon, Cambridge.

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Does not burn or melt in the mouth.
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Immediately Relieve
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TRIAL SAMPLE FREE.

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We can offer the
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Instead of 7d. is because we ourselves are the actual manufacturers. KILLICK'S CALICO is thoroughly honest value and is absolutely pure and free from unnecessary filling, every farthing spent buys calico and not clay, which washes out. It is 36 inches wide and is only sold in parcels of 12 yards for 5/-; 24 yards 9/6; 36 yards for 14/-; and can be had in three qualities, one unbleached and two white. Free samples sent on application. CARRIAGE PAID to any part of the Country. CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER. Send for 12-Yard Trial Parcel. Money returned if not as represented. If calico is sent back to us in good order. NIXON & KILLICK, Dept. 8, Cotton Spinners and Manufacturers, Manchester.

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A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head after fourteen years' suffering, will gladly send full particulars of the remedy post free.—Address, T. CLIFTON, Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.

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Wear the New American Shoulder Brace. The Most Perfect Brace Made. Prevents anyone becoming Stopped or Round Shouldered. ALL SIZES. Men's and Women's, 2/- to 4/-; Boys and Girls, 2/- per pair. Send Chest Measure and Amount in Postal Order, and we will send them Post Paid.
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Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Eczema, Bad Legs, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the blood and bones. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. In bottles, 2s. 6d. and 11s. each, of Chemists everywhere.
Beware of Worthless Imitations.

FOR BREAKFAST AND SUPPER
THERE IS NOTHING TO EQUAL
DR. TIBBLES' V-Cocoa
Prepared from kola, cocoa, malt, and hops. It gives strength and energy as a consequence of greater nourishment. Sold everywhere in 6d. packets, and 9d. and 1s. 6d. tins. Mention this paper, and write for dainty sample tin offered as free test of merit by
DR. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA, Ltd.,
60, 61, & 62, Bunhill Row, London, E.O.

COURT OF APPEAL.

Result of Maurice's Porcelain Competition.

In November last £500 was offered in P.W. in prizes for articles decorated with Maurice's Porcelain. The sum was divided into one prize of £200, one of £100, one of £50, and 150 of £1 each.

An exceedingly large number of articles were received, and the work of adjudication was very difficult. The judges have decided to award the first prize (£200), to

MR. H. J. DAVIS,

14, Old Bond Street,
Bath;

2nd prize (£100), to

MR. FREDERICK KELL,
Woodbridge;

and 3rd prize (£50), to

MR. J. ALLEN,
20, Lambill Road,
E'gin Avenue,
Paddington.

Want of space prevents the publication of the names and addresses of the 150 persons who have been awarded £1; but anyone who cares to see the list can do so by calling at this office. The winners of the prizes offered to tradesmen who supplied the porcelain will be announced shortly, together with the place of exhibition of the articles.

K. E. R. asks: "Which is the largest town in the United Kingdom without a post-office?"

It was certainly a surprise to me when I first discovered that there was a town in Scotland with a population of over 4,000 which does not boast a single post-office. This is Maxwelltown on the Nith opposite Dumfries—the largest town in the county of Kirkcudbrightshire. It is a healthy, visitor-loving town, according to a correspondent, and it would be interesting to hear what explanation the Post Office authorities can give for this extraordinary state of affairs.

A. M. F. AND OTHERS.—For particulars of the examinations in connection with the consular service you should write to the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, S.W. The age should not be less than eighteen or more than twenty-four, and I believe there is a fee of about £4 for every examination.

HERE is a good motto for a cough medicine: "He laughs best who laughs last, but he doesn't laugh best whose cough lasts." A solid silver pencil-case will be awarded to the person who sends in the best suggested motto for the following articles. (1) CONDENSED MILK; (2) COAL; (3) LAWN-MOWER; (4) DRESS-SUIT. All attempts to arrive on the back of a post-card, addressed to the "MOTTO EDITOR," by Monday, March 14th.

C. B. A. G. is a young man with an insane desire to buy a revolver, and wants to know whether a license is required. I am not going to tell you. First, because it is a legal question; and, secondly, because I think the most idiotic fad a young man can have is to hanker after owning a shooting iron of some sort or other. In this civilised and law-abiding country, the possession of a pistol is in nine cases out of ten more dangerous to the owner and to the owner's friends than to any bad, wicked burglar or foot-pad. As a rule, it is only those extremely nervous individuals who feel that it is necessary to have some means of defence other than a stick, or a poker, or their fists, and this fact makes them particularly dangerous when they get excited. Don't spend your money on a revolver, C. B. A. G. Put it into the bank.

"SHORT STORIES," published on Tuesday, March 8th, contains the opening instalment of a new serial story, altogether unlike any that have yet appeared. It is entitled "The Rival Queens," and deals with that historical part of old France round about the early portion of the thirteenth century. This is a good opportunity for you to see what you think of SHORT STORIES as a whole. Besides this, you will find an instalment of a really most exciting war story, entitled "The Empress of the Earth," and half-a-dozen capital complete narratives.

Y. C. offers a suggestion that at least has the merit of originality. He says: "I have a friend who makes a rule of lifting his hat to every woman who addresses him, and no one can convince him that this is not the essence of true politeness. If one lifts one's hat promiscuously, how can one discriminate between one's inferiors, equals, and superiors? Should there not be a system of hat raising, say, an inch for an inferior, three inches for an equal, and lift the hat completely off the head with a sweep, for a superior?"

—And get out dead the next time you met the person to whom you raised your hat an inch. No, I am afraid this system would never do. If a man has not enough sense to know on what occasions to raise his hat, he doesn't deserve to have a head to put his hat on.

YET another three burglary claims have been paid under the conditions of our scheme. This makes a total of 114 claims which have been met, and only shows the enormous advantages you derive from fulfilling the very simple conditions required.

THE other day a highly-esteemed correspondent sent me in all good faith, and with much circumstantial detail, about the steepest elephant yarn I have ever heard. It told of one of Barnum's mammoths named Beta, who tore an iron bar off her stall, possibly to use as a tooth-pick, and swallowed it, whereupon the immortal P.T.B. set his wits to work and sent one of his freaks—a tiny negro boy—with a rope down the elephant's gullet, and so got the iron bar brought back. I felt a little difficulty in swallowing this, and I fancied that the elephant would have had a bit of difficulty too. So I sent the story to Olympia for confirmation or the reverse. Mr. Clarence L. Dean tells me that the author of the yarn seems to have forgotten that the elephant, like the whale, has a very small gullet in comparison with its size. The boy could not have got into Beta's mouth, and if he had he could not have got down her throat. Even if he had once got there he couldn't have got back again. So the whole thing is a big fabrication.

P. K. S.—Yes, we shall certainly resume the cheap trips to Brussels and Paris at Easter. Everything you want to know about them will be published within the next few weeks.

H. L. T. sends the following cutting from the WARSAW GAZETTE of May 13th, 1763:

One Margaret Braxiowna died lately in the village of Ronnia, aged 108, being born February 12th, 1655. At the age of 94 she married for her third husband Gaspard Raykon, of the village of Ciwoufain, then aged 105. During the fourteen years they lived together they had two boys and one girl, and what is very remarkable, these three children bear evident marks of the old age of their father and mother.

Their hair is already grey, and they have a vacuity in their gums, like that which appears after the loss of teeth, though they never had any teeth. They have not strength enough to chew any solid food, but live on bread and vegetables.

They are of a proper size for their age, but their backs are bent, their complexions are sallow, and they have all the other symptoms of decrepitude. Their father is still alive. Though most of these particulars may appear fabulous, they are certified by the parish registers. The village of Ciwoufain is in the district of Stenzek, in the palatinate of Sandomir.

THE competition dealing with the methods superior to our own which are adopted in foreign countries has resulted in a shoal of letters from every portion of the kingdom. Of course, I fully realised when selecting the subjects the possibility of most of these schemes being adopted by a few firms in the country, but none of the ideas mentioned are prevalent. Messrs. Osborn Bros., of Grimsby, write with reference to the Flensburg method of keeping fish in a fresh condition while at sea to say that they have sixty steam trawlers fitted with wells in the holds, and every day they have live fish actually flopping about in the market; while, regarding the classification of paupers, Mr. T. Percival writes from Sheffield informing me that there is in that city a system of such perfection that requests for particulars have been received even from as far away as the United States.

ORDERLY asks: "Are fast trains safer than slow ones?"

No, they are not. Although they have the right of way, although it is known to a minute when they will pass a given spot, although the line is clear and the points are locked, and everyone is on the look-out for possible accidents, all these do not counteract the enormous risk which a train travelling at fifty or sixty miles an hour runs, should anything go wrong with the permanent way or the locomotive itself. Slow trains are notoriously unpunctual, and not so much trouble is taken with them, but they are in every case run on the block system, which is identical with that adopted in the case of the fast trains, and the big advantage which they enjoy is that in the event of a collision or an accident on the permanent way, the effect on the rolling stock cannot, by reason of the reduced speed, be so disastrous.

W. S. B. wants to know whether in the event of a match mentioned on the football coupon being scratched, the results are decided by the matches which each of the scratched clubs play on the day in question. Certainly not. If a match is scratched the names are entirely erased from the coupon, so that competitors are at a great advantage.

SOME men are habitually placed in delicate positions, and N. D. appears to be one of these. The most recent example of this sort, he explains, occurred a few days ago, when, while lunching at a restaurant, he entered into conversation with a man whom he had never met before, and he, in the course of conversation, referred in a rather unpleasant manner to N. D. himself, who, after feeling rather uncomfortable for a time, rose and took his departure without revealing his identity. He wants to know whether he was right in so doing. That is hard to say, because I don't know the nature of the conversation carried on. If it were a few incidental remarks, which appeared to you to be a fair expression of an opinion on the part of your acquaintance, then you were quite right; but if, on the other hand, he made some malicious statements about you, you ought certainly to have said who you were, and asked for an explanation.

CHIPPENDALE wants to know whether we use both sides of the jaw alike in masticating food, or whether, as a rule, one is made to work more than another.

The prevalent habit of human beings appears to be to use the teeth of the left side mouth for this purpose, and, if I remember rightly, the result of an observation made some little time ago proved that only one person out of thirteen used the teeth of both sides of the mouth for chewing.

WE have plenty of surprises coming along. The old Id-a machine has been in remarkably good working order lately, and there are several brilliant notions maturing. One of them will be a new sort of competition, and one in which every body with a face can enter.

A BARRISTER writes with reference to the supposed permission given to survivors of the Peninsular War to sell excisable liquors without a license. It appears that an Act was passed permitting "All such officers, mariners, soldiers, and marines as have been employed in the service of His Majesty since June 22nd, 1802, and also the wives and children of such officers," to "set up and exercise" such trades as they might be fit for anywhere they chose "without any let, suit, hindrance, or molestation of any person whatsoever for or by reason of the using of such trade." This permission was taken as including the sale of intoxicants, and was so acted upon in many cases. For instance, about twenty years ago a man named Smith took the basement of the Royal Exchange and fitted it up as a restaurant. He sold liquor without a license, and when summoned by the Revenue authorities he proved that his grandfather had enlisted under this Act and successfully claimed exemption. On the other hand, however, the Court of Queen's Bench decided, as recently as the end of last year, that the Act did not confer this permission, and confirmed the conviction of the son of a Peninsular veteran who had sold liquor for nearly forty years without a license.

A. M. A. M. asks whether hall-marks are a guarantee of the quality of the gold and silver that bear them? Not necessarily, false hall-marks are made every day, and if the article you propose to purchase is of any extreme value, I should advise you to test it in other ways. The chief use for these false stamps is for marking rings and other articles intended for swindling purposes—by trading them at public-house bars and at the bars of music halls and other places of amusement. I remember a case a few years ago, in which a nobleman's butler had made exact reproductions in base metal of over £3,000 worth of magnificent plate, all of them perfectly marked and chased. The fraud was not discovered until he had succeeded in escaping with the genuine articles.

E. H., who is greatly interested in our Burglary Insurance Scheme, anxiously inquires whether the coupon covers the loss of fowls in locked-up roosts close to the house. Goodness, no! If fowls, why not dogs, and cats, and black-beetles, and other wild beasts that infest the average house? No, good E. H., we insure your goods and chattels, and surely that ought to be enough for anyone with a contented mind.

L. T. asks whether the anatomy of the lips supports the saying: "Lips were made for kissing"? I'm afraid I can't give half-a-crown for this question. It is superfluous. It doesn't matter a jot whether it does or not. If it doesn't, then so much the worse for anatomy. Nature has supplied an answer of the most emphatic and uncontradictable sort, and if L. T. has any doubts on the subject, and can obtain the right sort of assistance, he can satisfy himself for life—not, of course, with the kissing, but as to the correctness of the answer—inside of about three minutes. This is one of the very few subjects upon which civilised humanity is absolutely agreed. Anti-kissers don't, of course, count as civilised.

POSTAL RATES.

Name of Publication.	One Year	Half Year	3 Months
Pearson's Weekly	5. 2.	2. 4.	1. 2.
Home Notes	5. 2.	2. 4.	1. 2.
Short Stories	5. 2.	2. 4.	1. 2.
The Sunday Reader	5. 2.	2. 4.	1. 2.
Athletic Record	5. 2.	2. 4.	1. 2.
The Big Budget	5. 2.	2. 4.	1. 2.
Love Stories	5. 2.	2. 4.	1. 2.
Dan Leno's Comic Journal	5. 2.	2. 4.	1. 2.
Pearson's Magazine	5. 2.	2. 4.	1. 2.
Dressmaking at Home	5. 2.	2. 4.	1. 2.
Fashions for Children	5. 2.	2. 4.	1. 2.
Home Cookery	5. 2.	2. 4.	1. 2.

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Not always: people who claim to cure it always claim what is not true: but it **CAN** be cured if taken in time. If you are threatened by consumption—if you are bloodless, anæmic, pale, breathless on slight exertion; if you have a cough or spit blood,

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Thousands of anæmic people, who would have gone into decline and consumption in a little time, have been cured and made strong men and women, by

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Three Men Cured of Consumption.

A PATIENT CURED WHOSE FATHER DIED OF CONSUMPTION: ANOTHER WHO BELONGED TO A CONSUMPTIVE FAMILY: A THIRD WHO HAD BEEN DISCHARGED FROM THE NAVY AS CONSUMPTIVE.

"I had given myself up. Thinking my work in this world was at an end, I had begun to prepare for the next. The knowledge that I was Consumptive was a terrible blow."

So spoke Mr. F. Joyce, of 5 Brown's Buildings, West Pottergate Street, Norwich.

Up to August, 1896, he had enjoyed fairly good health, but then a change came. He felt sick and languid, unable to move about, and he lost interest in the ordinary affairs of life. Every morning he raised phlegm which was streaked with blood; and he lost over a stone in weight. His breathing, too, was short and painful. Mr. Joyce's apprehension was increased by the fact that his father had died of Consumption.

He went to two doctors, but without benefit. Then one morning, to use his own words, "In the *Norwich Eastern Daily Press*, I read a case of a consumptive young man, who had been spitting up blood and having night sweats, who was restored to health and strength by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I procured a box of these Pills myself, and followed the directions, with the result that after three boxes I felt as well as I ever did in my life."

Mr. Joyce now submitted himself for examination at the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital. The doctors of that great institution declared him to be in a sound state of health, and refused to supply him with any medicine. "The change," said Mr. Joyce, "was due entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Mr. Joyce has advised several ailing friends to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A man named Daynes, of Bull Close, Norwich, whose brother died of consumption, recently feeling unwell, consulted a medical man, who told him his right lung was affected. He finally resorted to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which made him a new man. Another friend of Joyce's was recently discharged from the Navy, on the ground that he was in a consumption. He took a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and has just passed the medical examination to which persons who wish to enter the service of the railway companies are subject.



A Governess Cured.

HER RELATIVES WERE SENT FOR TO TAKE LEAVE OF HER. DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS WERE USED JUST IN TIME. SHE IS NOW WELL AND STRONG.

MISS VIOLET WARREN, schoolmistress, living with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Humberstone, at Wrestlingworth, Bedfordshire, is a bright, highly-educated lady, in perfect health, but has had a narrow escape from death by consumption.

She said: "I had a splendid doctor to attend me for three years, but grew gradually worse. For months I could not go downstairs. At last the doctor despaired. He said I was in a Consumption, and told my relatives I could not live long. My sister was sent for from

Northumberland, to see me for the last time. But I was persuaded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For the first few days I did not seem to make much progress, but within a week my appetite returned. I sent for a mutton chop, a thing I had not been able to eat for a very long time. I shan't forget the first time I went out into the village. No one believed it possible that I could be restored to health again. Some of my friends greeted me by saying, 'This is the girl who has risen from the dead.' During my illness I had no less than five doctors first and last.

"I have to walk two miles to school every morning," Miss Warren continued, "and I have done this for some time. I would not be without the Pills for anything. I have recommended them to scores of people, for I believe they saved my life."



A Young Girl's Cure.

REMARKABLE RECOVERY AT ANDOVER: SHE BELONGED TO A CONSUMPTIVE FAMILY.

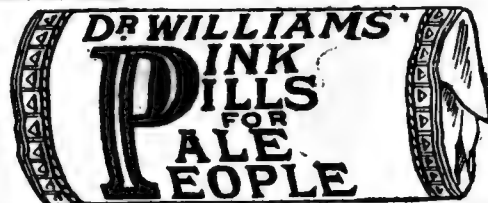
MR. ROBERT LEVY, of Chantry Street, Andover (writes a reporter of the *Andover Advertiser*), has six children living; but five years ago a son succumbed to consumption. When his daughter Emily showed symptoms of suffering from the same insidious disease, Mr. Levy was considerably alarmed. Time after time the girl fainted during school hours, and had to be taken home. Then influenza left her with St. Vitus' dance with continued shooting pains from the head to

the side. She was attended by a competent medical man; but gradually wasted away till almost all hope of recovery departed.

Mr. Levy stated: "I had given up all hope. I did not know what to do. At last I read in the *Advertiser* about a wonderful cure of consumption by means of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, so I got a box. Emily took them regularly, and after the first week I could see a change in her. I never was more surprised in my life than to see the change for the better by the end of the month. She ate better, picked up flesh, and slept soundly. On the eighth day I took her for a good long walk before dinner. I shall never forget that walk. To see her able to do it after the state she was in a month before, when I expected to see her on her deathbed, made me so thankful that I cannot express my feelings in words. The improvement continued till she got quite well and strong."



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that have been cured by Dr. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS. Consumption, "Decline," Heart Disease, Rickets, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxy, Spinal Disease; also numerous cases of Rheumatism, Sciatica, General Debility, St. Vitus' Dance, Indigestion, Anæmia, and Ladies' Ailments. Dr. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS are not like ordinary medicine: ordinary medicine fails.



The only genuine pills are in a wrapper of pink paper, printed in red, and bearing the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Inside the wrapper are Dr. Williams' Directions for use, enclosing the wooden box or tube, which is about two inches long and about as large round as a halfpenny. In this form alone are they genuine. In case of doubt, it is better to send direct to the Manufacturers, enclosing the price, 2s. 9d. for one box; 13s. 9d. for six boxes. Address—Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

ALL ENGLAND IS TALKING ABOUT THE SENSATIONAL CURES EFFECTED

even when the best medical science had been invoked in vain, and the friends of the patients anticipated nothing for them but death,

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Every letter is answered promptly, provided this paper, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" is named.

BOOKS YOU SHOULD READ

By "The Family Friend."

"Exercise for Health."

We Britons have always been, as a nation, pre-eminent in those exercises which go towards the development of a perfect physical frame, yet, at the same time, few people realise the enormous amount of good that can be derived from exercise conducted upon scientific lines.

In "Exercise for Health" we have a popular treatise whereby every man and woman can, by paying attention to the instructions given in the book, build up a sound and robust frame. Not only does the book tell you what you must eat and drink, but it also tells you the whole art of training, how to cycle, and how to play all games so as to derive the utmost benefit from these individual pursuits.

Life in our cities is, for the ordinary young man, a terrible wasting away of tissue and physical strength. It is nearly always a case of all work and no play.

By means of a simple contrivance, known as the Whitely Exerciser, the full use of which is demonstrated in the book, you are shown how you may take real and healthy exercise in no other playground than that of your own bed or sitting room. The Exerciser is an ingenious construction, being nothing more nor less than a long elastic cable running over a series of pulleys, the mechanism of which is so fine that it causes the machine to run without the slightest vibration, and is capable of being adapted to an infinite variety of exercises.

In the book you will learn all about that. You can bowl, swim, put the shot, row, hoist weights, simulate throwing, as well as go through all the various kinds of dumb-bell exercises.

Another feature of the book is a series of anatomical charts and photographs of an athlete going through a number of exercises, showing which muscles each one brings into especial play. There are also full diagrams as well as a hundred and fifty odd pages of useful information and advice.

Good wine needs no bush, and I am convinced that you have but to get the book for yourselves to see that the praise I have given it is by no means too much.

"Van Wagener's Ways."

THAT genial author, Mr. W. L. Alden, is now basking in the sun of Florence, after preparing "Van Wagener's Ways" for the press. This dainty volume is the second of Messrs. C. A. Pearson's Latter Day Series, and deals, with all Mr. Alden's love of veracious detail, with the sundry original inventions of that lovable, but unfortunate, old "crank," Colonel Van Wagener. The Colonel, guileless, unsophisticated as a little child, and afflicted by an intense desire to improve upon everything he sees, is a brilliant invention in himself. Unfortunately, Mrs. Van Wagener does not sympathise with him, and the Colonel's experiments have to be conducted *sub rosa* when she is out of the way.

I think it was my friend Mark Twain who said that Mr. Alden is the most original humourist the world has ever produced. It is but a few years ago that Mr. Alden took up his residence in Balham. His main object in coming to England was to discover, and to avoid, the Tooting of the novelists. To his surprise, he found that he had hit upon it blindly, and had taken his house before he discovered that Balham was in the Tooting district. This accounts for the chastened resignation which is apparent in so much of his work. In private life, however, he bubbles over with spontaneous fun. The only time I have ever known him to be perfectly serious was when busily engaged in cleaning his bicycle. That is a solemn function which he will not entrust to anyone else, and tradition has it that when he is unable to sleep, he gets up and cleans bicycles.

But to return to Colonel Van Wagener. The Professor hits upon an ingenious device for reading in bed by means of an electric light fixed in his glass eye:

The day the Professor got his new eyelight into working order, his wife wasn't at home, having gone out to spend the day and the evening. He lit himself up early in the evening, and, keeping in his room, he wasn't seen by anybody. When night came he went to bed early, so as to enjoy the luxury of reading in bed. He took the storage battery out of his pocket, and put it under the pillow; and when he had stretched himself out in bed, with a book in his hand and his eye blazing six candle-power, he was about the happiest man in all New Berlinopolisville.

He read and read until he began to get sleepy, and then he put down his book and thought over a lot of scientific things, till he accidentally fell asleep. I told you he could close the lid over the illuminated eye if he wanted to, but, as a rule, he didn't close

that lid, but always slept with it wide open. Mrs. Van Wagener came home in course of time, and, naturally, went up to her bedroom.

She was a strong-minded woman, who was about as likely to steal a sheep as to faint away, but she admitted afterwards that when she entered the room and saw the professor's eye blazing its level best, she came nearer dropping to the floor than she had ever done before.

However, she pulled herself together, and woke the Professor up. She never said just how she did it, but it's my idea that he was waked up suddenly than a man was ever waked before. She told him that this time he had gone too far, that his illuminated eye was simply blasphemous, and that she wouldn't stay in the same house, and much less in the same room with it. "It's bad enough for a man to sleep with a glass eye wide open," says she, "but when it comes to an illuminated eye, it is more than any Christian woman is called upon to bear."

Most of the Professor's other inventions turn out disastrously, notably his "Flying Cat." But the whole book is so filled with spontaneous fun and humour that it is impossible to say that one incident is better than another. I read the "Flying March" to a poor little fellow who was confined to his bed by a lingering illness, and it was delightful to see the way in which the boy forgot his suffering when he heard how the Professor comes down from his aerial flight, on the cat's tail:

He (the cat) was lying asleep under a small rose bush when the Professor came down on his tail, and it irritated him, as was only natural. I should have been irritated myself if I had been in his place. Being mad all over, Tommie frees his mind with a few remarks, and then he makes a jump for the Professor's shoulder, where he stopped long enough to give him a coup of good ones on each cheek that drew the blood, and then he went over the fence in search of a quiet spot where he could make repairs to his tail.

But Mr. Alden's work is so well-known that it is superfluous for me to say anything more about "Van Wagener's Ways." For pure, innocent, wholesome fun, the book is hard to beat. To adapt a saying of Mark Twain's, fun oozes out of Mr. Alden as "naturally as otter of roses from the otter." Many authors can make us weep, but few is it given to make us laugh. Mr. Alden's book should be warmly welcomed on both sides of the Atlantic.

"The Reverend Annabel Lee."

PERSONALLY, I hate speculating about the future. I always must view things through the spectacles of pessimism, and I have morbid visions of London with Oxford, Brighton, and Maidstone as suburbs, of England a great power no longer, of motor-cars, flying machines, and photographs in natural colours, so that when I took up "The Reverend Annabel Lee" and found that the story started in the twenty-first century, a gloomy foreboding came over me that here at last I was going to learn of such a state of affairs in our beloved country.

But, in a way, I was disappointed. In writing this novel Mr. Buchanan has had a big object in view: the object of showing that, were all religion and religious feeling, as we know it, to be eradicated and perfect material prosperity attained, humanity would by no means become the perfect thing one might be led to suppose; but would, instead, be nothing more or less than a condition of absolute stagnation.

The Reverend Annabel Lee is a beautiful and charming maiden, who, by studying the archives in the great public library, learns the conditions of life when the doctrines of Christianity were paramount. She at once determines to endeavour to lead back her misguided countrymen and women to the precepts of forgotten Christianity. This, then, is the main thesis of this extraordinary book.

To go back to my first remark as to the condition of the world, or rather our world, as Mr. Buchanan opines, it will be in the twenty-first century. We read as follows:

Europe was formed early in the twenty-first century into a body of free and united States, existing in close political conjunction with the other Free States beyond the ocean. The arbitrary distinctions once existing between countries had been abolished, the monarchical system had been abandoned, and, a national war being no longer a possibility, men of every nationality were devoting themselves, under the guidance of Wise Men, elected by a popular suffrage, to the perfection of social and moral institutions. Anglo-Saxon being the language universally understood and spoken by the citizens of the world.

The citizens of London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Constantinople were in close personal communication; it was, indeed, only a few hours' flight from one of these cities to another, and great vessels passed daily to and fro from Europe to their sister cities beyond these—New York, San Francisco, Sydney, Calcutta, and Yokohama. A few remote districts of the earth—such as Siberia and the remote interior of Africa—remained semi-barbarous, but every year was lessening their number, and the time was close at hand when all the nations, tribes, and races of the earth should form parts of one vast Terrestrial Federation.

It would be unfair to Mr. Buchanan to quote further to any great extent from this exceedingly interesting book. It is a book of which every page, every word must be read with the closest attention. Its study will repay the thinker, and tell the would-be student of humanity of problems of which up till now he can have had but little conception. The closing scene of the book where Annabel Lee and Uriel Rose are brought up into the Hall of Judgment before the Elders to answer for the charge of sedition preferred against them is wonderfully told, and I can scarcely refrain from quoting the passage that describes the death of Uriel:

An instant later a woman's scream, so instinct with grief and terror that it seemed to strike dumb the sounds of battle, pealed

to the roof of the Hall. The surging crowd swept back, and made an awe-struck circle about Annabel. She was on her knees, grasping with frenzied fingers at the form of Uriel, which, smitten down by some sudden blow, lay senseless and bleeding on the ground.

"Uriel, Uriel!" she cried. He did not answer. His eyes were fixed, and on his parted lips there hung a thin white bubble of blood.

With the death of Uriel Rose the book ends. He is the first martyr of the twenty-first century, the first victim that Mr. Buchanan leads us to hope was to gradually bring the world back to a recognition that, after all, Christianity is the mainspring of life. No one, I venture to say, can read this book without realising that it is in every way a remarkable and epoch-making effort.

"The Fourth Napoleon."

"FULL of cleverness, and full of contemptible characters," such must be the verdict of anyone who reads "The Fourth Napoleon." The story of the book is briefly this: A young Englishman, by name Walter Sadler, a man full of vague ambition, and withal a cowardly and despicable character, discovers that he is a descendant of the great Napoleon. He goes over to Paris and is accepted by the Bonapartists as the Emperor; he is elevated to the throne of France, engages in a war with Germany, out of which—thanks to his magnificent generals—he emerges almost triumphant, eventually, like the villain he is, to die from the assassin's knife.

There are passages in the book that are magnificent pieces of English prose, the description of the massing of the troops which are to overthrow the Ministry and to raise Sadler to the throne is worth quoting.

It was a striking sight. These sombre horsemen advancing slowly and without so much as a whisper on such an errand! Here and there a gas-lamp shed its fitful glare upon them as they passed. Above, the vault of heaven, patched with many different hues of darkness, and gemmed with a myriad stars. And everywhere a wondrous stillness, deepened by the deadened roar of life that flowed outside, and broken only by the clang of their horses' hoofs upon the flags, or an occasional sharp word of command, which grew scarcer as they approached the outer square. The two regiments, drawn up at right angles to one another, formed the farthest sides of the square, towards the centre of which Bonaparte and his companions were now slowly moving. The cuirassiers, sitting cloaked and motionless upon their horses, looked more like statues. Their greater height attracted his idle gaze and kept it, although he was soonest under the shadows of Bonaparte's Engineers.

Presently they were well within the two converging lines, and a fixed shape settled down over the details of the picture. The Infantry, upon their left, stood like a solid wall. No order to salute had been given. The men's white faces went in and out of shadows under the flickering lights, being thrown, when lit up, into ghastly relief against their sombre uniform. Not that Napoleon noticed them, having eyes alone for Bonaparte's Horse in front.

He watched the faces, half hidden though they were by the peaks of their shining helmets. He marvelled how the men could sit so still; all the more as here and there a restive steed would start before the drum, or to shake its head violently with every piece of brass upon its bridle.

But the soldiers are unconvinced by the harangues of their officers; it seems as if they are not going to be convinced that it is really the lost Napoleon come to restore the glory of the Empire. At last one of the generals implores the would-be ruler to appeal to the men himself, and this is how he does it:

At the same moment he twisted his heel and flicked the Prince's horse with his spur. Napoleon made no attempt to stop it as it started forward and carried him ahead of Bonaparte.

"I am the Prince," he shouted wildly, hardly conscious of what he was saying. "I am here to fight for the throne and for the glory of France. The Republic has brought nothing but disgrace. Will you not trust me and give me your aid? See how I have trusted you! My fortunes, my very life are in your hands!" His voice rose in despair. "A second time I implore you give me an answer. Behold! behold how I trust you!" And to the horror of his three companions he put spurs to his horse and rode right into the first line of cuirassiers. "The game is up," said Bonaparte to Bréville. "They will kill him."

"Won't you answer me?" the Prince almost sobbed. "I swear to you, make me your Emperor, and I will lead you to your revenge across the Rhine. Or kill me if you choose, but pass over my dead body to Alsace-Lorraine!"

He had been a long time groping—here was the right note at last. The fearful silence was broken. A wild shout greeted his words. "Vive le Prince! Vive l'Empereur!" they shouted. "Alsace-Lorraine! Alsace-Lorraine!"

So Napoleon IV. ascends the throne, and if ever a contemptible ruler was put over the heads of a great nation that man was Walter Sadler. The last scene, describing how the Ministers find the dead body of the murdered Emperor, is graphic in its terseness.

To sum up, the book is one to read, though scarcely one to enjoy. It is evidently the work of a clever man, the work of a scholar and a thinker. It is only a pity that the characters of the book are not of a less disagreeable sort.

"The Fourth Napoleon." By Charles Benham. Price 6s. Mr. William Heinemann.

YOUR CHARACTER FROM YOUR HANDWRITING.

To amuse and at the same time to interest our readers we have retained the services of the most expert graphologists of the present day, and even those who do not believe in the art will soon find themselves convinced if they care to send along a specimen of their handwriting upon an unruled sheet of paper with their usual signature and full address. From this their characters will be told. These characters will not necessarily be flattering. They will be bare statements of the truth. In each case six stamps and a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed. All letters should be marked "Character-grams" and forwarded to Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

"Exercise for Health." By H. H. Hulbert and Louis J. Phelps. Price 2s. 6d. C. Arthur Pearson Limited.
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ALOCUE OF CHEAP CROCKERY? If not, please get a post-card, and send it to THE

PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY, HANLEY,

and you will get it by return, together with particulars of the most wonderful package of crockery the world has ever seen.

100 PIECES
FOR £1 1s.

Dinner Service of 50 pieces included, which is guaranteed to be worth the guinea price, and a China Tea Service of 25 pieces finished in gold, together with a lot of useful kitchen crockery.



This is the pattern
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DINNER SERVICE.

THOUSANDS
SOLD ALL OVER
THE WORLD.

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SPECIALLY REDUCED INTRODUCTION
SALE PARCEL
WITH
FREE GIFT

CLOSED, consisting of
Recently Rich Cream
Coloured Curly Sheepskin
Rug, average size
4 ft. by 3 feet, perfection
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Beautiful Reversible Art
Silk Finish Bed Bag,
Cover, or Table Cover,
size warp, very heavy,
30 inches by 75 inches.
Beautiful Silver Gostakin
Mat, lined woolsen
throughout, pinked
on best finish, ornate
to any room.
Gent Hair Brush, highly
adorned, with mirror back.

THE LOT
10/6

Providing Pinner's Weekly Coupon, 1896, is
sent, a FREE GIFT will be enclosed—a very
valuable Electro Silver Plated OWL/FIRE
LAMP with coloured eyes and gilt feet.
If returned if not wished.
(Signed) F. HODGSON & SON.

Prodigious Sale of the "Prudential"
REVERSIBLE CARPETS
(Registered.)

Reversible, woven throughout, with handsome
border to correspond; richly blended in several
colours to suit any furniture. Made in 12 sizes
only. These carpets are the production of much
care, labour, and forethought, and are made in
handsome and elaborate patterns (which are pro-
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the rich blended colours of the Turkish and Persian,
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real carpets when laid down, and cannot be
exceeded in durability.

REDUCED SALE PRICE.

Size.	Each.	Size.	Each.
6ft. by 9ft.	4s. 6d.	10ft. by 12ft.	11s. 6d.
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When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining,
Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular
colour preferred.

Malraughan, Maybole, W.B. August 2nd.—LADY
HURST'S BIRTHDAY. "Will Mowbray" F. Hodgson
& Son send her another "Prudential" Carpet, same
as before, crimson and gold, dimensions 9ft. by
10ft. 7. Cheque enclosed.

A Reversible Prudential Hearthrug
(Registered), to match above Carpets, now
for 1s. 6d. extra, size 3 ft. long and 1 ft.
wide. Special Offer.—Three Hearths-
rugs for 4s. 6d., or six for 8s., or twelve
for 15s. 6d., sterling value.
Illustrated List Post Free.

50,000 Ladies' Luxuri-
ously Handsome Rich
Brown
MUSQUASH AND
OPOSSUM
FUR CIRCLETS
(FOUR TAILS)
SALE 3/9 PRICE
POST FREE.



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POROUS

PLASTERS.

Excellent for
WEAK CHESTS, COLDS,
AND COUGHS.

Also invaluable in
HEART TROUBLES.

ALLCOCK'S are the only genuine, safe, and reliable Porous
Plasters made, so insist on having ALLCOCK'S. Take no other.

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EDWARDS' HARLENE FOR THE HAIR

THE GREAT Hair Producer & Restorer.

The Very Finest Dressing, Specially Prepared and Perfumed, Fragrant and Refreshing. A Luxury and a Necessity to every Modern Toilet.

"HARLENE,"

PRODUCES LUXURIANT HAIR, PREVENTS IT FALLING OFF OR TURNING GREY.

Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache.

The WORLD-REOWNED
REMEDY
FOR
BALDNESS

For Curing Weak and Thin Eye-lashes; Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair beautifully soft; for Removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c., also for RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOUR.

IT IS WITHOUT A RIVAL.

Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be devoid of any Metallic or other Injurious Ingredients.

"HARLENE" PRESERVES, STRENGTHENS, & INVIGORATES CHILDREN'S HAIR. Prevents and Cures all species of Scurf, Keeps the Scalp Clean, and Allays all Irritation.

STOPPED THE HAIR FALLING.

MISS COONEY, Basin View, Fair Hill, Galway, Ireland, is much pleased with the "Harlene," and has recommended it to her friends. It has quite stopped the falling of her hair. Please be prompt in sending present order.

PROVED IT HERSELF.

"38 Elgin Crescent, Notting Hill.
"Dear Sir,—I am delighted to add my testimony to the wonderful efficacy of your hair tonic. I never could have credited the effects of "Harlene" had I not myself proved them.—I am, yours truly, KATHERINE RAMSEY.
"P.S.—You may publish this, and I will always recom- mend it if applied to."

QUITE BALD.

"12 Grove Street, Bedford.
"Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in stating that your "Harlene" is the best I have ever used. I have tried several other so-called restorers, but to no purpose. I was quite bald on the top of my head, but, thanks to your wonderful "Harlene," I have a good head of hair now after six weeks' use. You may include this with your other testimonials.—Yours respectfully, ARTHUR BLANCHARD.
VERY GOOD.
"44 Third Avenue, Queen's Park.
"Dear Sir,—Mr. Holcombe has recommended me to use the "Harlene." I had some from him for a trial, and I think it is very good. I have recommended it to my friends. Enclosed Postal Order for 1s. 6d. Please forward to Mrs. Randall as above."

1s. 2s. 6d. and (triple 2s. 6d. size), 4s. 6d. per bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all over the World; or sent direct on receipt of Postal Order.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 & 96, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL
BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS,
SUCH AS
Sick Headache, Constipation,
Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion,
Disordered Liver, and Female Ailments.

In Boxes, 9d., 1s. 1d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.
THE 1s. 1d. BOX CONTAINS 56 PILLS.

THE SALE IS NOW SIX MILLION BOXES YEARLY.

Prepared only by the Proprietor—
THOMAS BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE.
Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers Everywhere.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

PROVED DURING SIXTY YEARS

COCOA

STILL UNSURPASSED.

10/6 ALLEN FOSTER & CO., SOLE MAKERS OF THE "ALFOSCO" COSTUMES 10/6

The "ALFOSCO" Costumes are acknowledged by thousands of delighted Customers to be very far superior in make, style, and value to any Costumes ever offered the Public at anything approaching the same price. ALLEN FOSTER & CO., the London Manufacturers, are the Sole Makers of the world-renowned "ALFOSCO" COSTUMES. The Public are cautioned against buying Imitations. All Orders must be sent direct to their London address.



ALLEN FOSTER & CO.'S "ALFOSCO" COSTUME SKIRTS.

BEST VALUE IN THE WORLD.
Design No. 605 is a gracefully draped skirt made in all the new and fashionable styles of the Allen Foster Specialite Serge, price only 5/6; carriage paid 6d. extra. At Allen Foster & Co. are now prepared to supply patterns of their new Spring Fabrics, suitable for Ladies' Skirts. At the latest cloths in Meltons, Serges, Alpaca, Plain and Checks, Fancy Dress Materials, also Washing Drills and Tissues. These skirts can be had lined or unlined. Patterns and all Particulars Post Free.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO. beg to inform the readers of "Pearson's Weekly," that their New

Illustrated Sketch Book of Fashions

for the Spring Season is now in Circulation. A. F. & Co. will be pleased to forward this publication, together with Patterns of their famous Dress Materials, POST FREE on application to any part of the World.

REGULAR STOCK SIZES OF COSTUMES are 34, 36, and 38 inches round bust (under arms), the Skirts being 38, 40, and 42 inches long in front. Larger or special sizes to customers own measurement, 1/6 extra.

Each Costume securely packed and sent carriage paid, 9d. extra.

THE ALLEN FOSTER SPECIALITE SERGE is made in all the following colours: Black, Navy, Tabac, Brown, Fawn, Grey, Electric Blue, Myrtle, Bronze Green, New Blue, Ruby, Cardinal, etc. Any length cut at 1/3 per yard. 54 inches wide.



Design No. 340.

HALF-A-GUINEA.

Design No. 340 consists of a fashionable Open-fronted Jacket, with velvet-welted collar. The skirt is cut full and well-made. Made in the Allen Foster Specialite Serge. Price complete, 10/6; Skirt only, 5/6.

This Costume made in our new Venetian Cloth will be 13/6. Patterns Free.

10/6

Patterns and Sketches Post Free.



Design No. 545.

HALF-A-GUINEA.

Is a fashionable Costume for the Spring Season. A wonderful Costume for Half-a-Guinea. Made in the Allen Foster Specialite Serge. It consists of a stylish Jacket with fashionably-made Skirt. Velvet collar and tailor-stitching.

Costume Complete, 10/6; Skirt only, 5/6.

This Costume made in our new Venetian Cloth will be 13/6. Patterns Free.

10/6

Patterns and Sketches Post Free.



Design No. 100.

HALF-A-GUINEA.

A Costume any lady can wear. Made in the Allen Foster Specialite Serge. Unsurpassed for wear and durability. This attractive Costume has a tight-fitting bodice, with full-pleated front and pretty lappels, trimmed with braid and large buttons. The skirt is well made and according to present fashion. Thousands of testimonials.

Costume Complete, 10/6; Skirt only, 5/6.

This Costume made in our new Venetian Cloth will be 13/6. Patterns Free.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO. (The London Manufacturer), 17 ROSCOE ST., GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.

GUINEA GOLD

Is pure gold. OGDEN'S GUINEA GOLD CIGARETTES named after it mean that they are pure! unadulterated! and best value.

BE SURE TO CUT

10,000 RUGS GIVEN AWAY.

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers of Pearson's Weekly only. On receipt of Postal Order for 6/-, or 7/- stamps, we will forward, DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address, one of our 10,000 genuine SEAMLESS, WOVEN, REVERSIBLE CARPETS, suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered, and woven in 30 different patterns and art-colourings to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM. These carpets will be sold as an advertisement for the Goods of the British Carpet Weaving Company, Below the Actual Cost of Production. They are made of material equal to wool, and, being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the Purchasers all Middle Profits.

OVER 200,000 SOLD DURING THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS.

GIVEN AWAY With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send two Carpets and Two Rugs for 10/-.

MONEY WILLINGLY RETURNED IF NOT APPROVED.

Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

"To Berkeley Square, The Cornices of Belkirk would thank the British Carpet Co. to send her another Carpet, similar to the one she got from them a fortnight ago, which is most satisfactory."

"I have View Villas, St. Helen's, Isle of Wight. I have been to inform the British Carpet Co. that she is so much pleased with the two Carpets and the two Rugs they sent her a week ago that she begs them to send her, to the above address, two more similar Carpets and Rugs."

SPECIAL NOTE. This offer is made to the Readers of this paper, owing to premises being required by the London County Council for Street Improvements. All Goods must be Cleared, Regardless of Cost. All orders despatched same day as received. Cheques and Postal Orders to be crossed "Union Bank," and made payable to J. HARGREAVES, Estab. 1872. Address:

GIGANTIC SALE

OF OUR WORLD-RENOUNDED

BRUSSELETTE CARPETS.

Admittedly the Cheapest in the World. Seamless, Woven, and Reversible. Rich Turkey Patterns and Colourings. Superior Quality, with Handsome Border to match. A Marvel of Excellence and Beauty.



SIZES AND PRICES.		Sole Former Price. From.	
No.	ft. in.	ft. in.	
1	9 0	by 6 0	5 0
2	9 0	by 7 0	7 0
3	9 0	by 8 0	8 0
4	10 0	by 7 0	8 0
5	10 0	by 8 0	9 0
6	12 0	by 8 0	11 0
7	12 0	by 9 0	12 0
8	12 0	by 10 0	13 0
9	12 0	by 11 0	14 0
10	12 0	by 12 0	15 0
11	12 0	by 13 0	16 0
12	12 0	by 14 0	17 0
13	12 0	by 15 0	18 0
14	12 0	by 16 0	19 0
15	21 0	by 13 0	20 0

These Carpets are superior imitations of real Brussels Carpets. The designs have been carefully copied from the original, both as regards colouring and pattern, so that when in use it is almost impossible, except by close scrutiny, to detect the difference. All designs are registered, and designed by some of the best artists in the world, who are constantly recommending them for use in the Dining and Drawing Rooms, or any rooms and landings where hard wear is a necessity.

GIVEN AWAY.

As an advertisement for the introduction of these goods to all readers of Pearson's Weekly, we have decided to give away to every gentleman a very handsomely woven Brussels Carpet, 4 feet long, and 3 feet wide, to match carpets in colours, etc.

Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

"Gentlemen, I have seen some of the Carpets and Rugs sent by your firm, and think they are really a marvel. Please forward goods as follows, viz.—Yours faithfully, Rev. F. M. M.A."

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Willingly Returned.

THE BRITISH CARPET WEAVING CO., 31, OLD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

You Want Help

for Spring Cleaning! Send for **HUDSON'S**
—the best helper known. Scrub the Cupboards,
Floors, Landings, Stairs, and wash the Paint
with it. Your home will be beautifully clean,
bright, and fresh-smelling, with about half the
usual labour.

HUDSON'S SOAP

A Fine Powder—in Packets only.